

NEW YORK Saturday Star Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

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Vol. III.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

(One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year... 3.00.
Two copies, one year... 5.00.)

No. 119.

ON THE SANGAMON.

BY ST. ELMO.

Beautiful stream with your wavelets of blue,
Bright as the stars you with smiles try to woo,
Pure as the snow in its feathery glow,
Gliding along with a murmuring flow:
Softly caressed by the verdure-crowned shores,
Linked with sweet perfume thy spirit adores;
Why does there float such a mystical pall
O'er all; o'er all?

The sun shines as bright, the birds sing as gay
As they did that mellow autumnal day;
The clouds float as free in their haven of blue,
Fringed with rich colors of bright golden hue;
The soft drowsy breath of the mellow air,
Faintly murmurs a holy prayer:
The violets drop in the verdant shade,
And fade; and fade.

Beautiful stream, in the soft balmy night,
Your rippling waves are a source of delight,
Tossing in glee, while your fingers curl
Over the lilies, my sweet Peri pearl;
Far in the distance my heart turns to thee,
Beautiful stream in that wild Western sea,
But I hear the refrain of Memory's bell,
Farewell; farewell!

ROYAL KEENE,

THE California Detective:

OR,
The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPPA," ETC.

[NOTE. The repeated and pressing calls for this romance have impelled the author to write it at this time when the interest is so general in the dramatic version. Although in some of its features resembling ORPHAN NELL, by Aggie Penna—who, by permission, used certain leading incidents—it is essentially different from that attractive story.]

CHAPTER I.

THE MISSING WILL.

In the richly-furnished parlor of a stately brown-stone-front palace on Fifth avenue, near Thirtieth street, one bright morning in the month of March, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, sat a brother and sister.

David and Clara Van Rensselaer were the descendants of one of the old patroon families. Their blue eyes and flaxen-colored hair betrayed the German blood, still coursing in their veins, though two hundred years had come and gone since the first of the Van Rensselaer family, a strippling of twenty, in wooden shoes and saddle-colored doublet, had sailed from the land of Holland to seek for fortune in the New World.

The German lad of stolid face and plodding brain built up a fortune, a family, and left to his heirs a princely estate.

The family of Van Rensselaer flourished like a green bay tree, and, like the tree, it branched forth.

Philip Van Rensselaer, the father of David and Clara, and one of the descendants of the old patroon, had died just four years before the time at which our story commences. To his children he had left an ample fortune.

David Van Rensselaer was five and twenty years of age, his sister two years younger.

David was a handsome fellow, with his clear-cut, resolute features—still betraying the impress that the stolid German had laid given unto his descendants—and his crisp-curling yellow hair, and keen blue eyes; just about the medium size in height, and with a form which gave promise of fine physical strength.

Clara, his sister, was a beautiful blonde; the only blemish to her beauty was the lack of life—of animation in her face. Her features were too regular—too much of the wax-doll and too little of the woman.

The girl sat by the window in a low easy-chair, reading the last new novel.

David held the morning paper in his hand, but his attention was not given to the printed page, although his eyes were fixed upon it.

Suddenly, with a restless motion, he rose from his seat, laid the newspaper upon the center-table, and paced slowly, with a thoughtful look upon his face, up and down the room.

Clara, deeply interested in her book, gave no heed to her brother's movement.

David paused suddenly before Clara, drew a chair up to her side, and sat down in it.

"Clara," he said, "lay down your novel for a moment; I have something important to say to you."

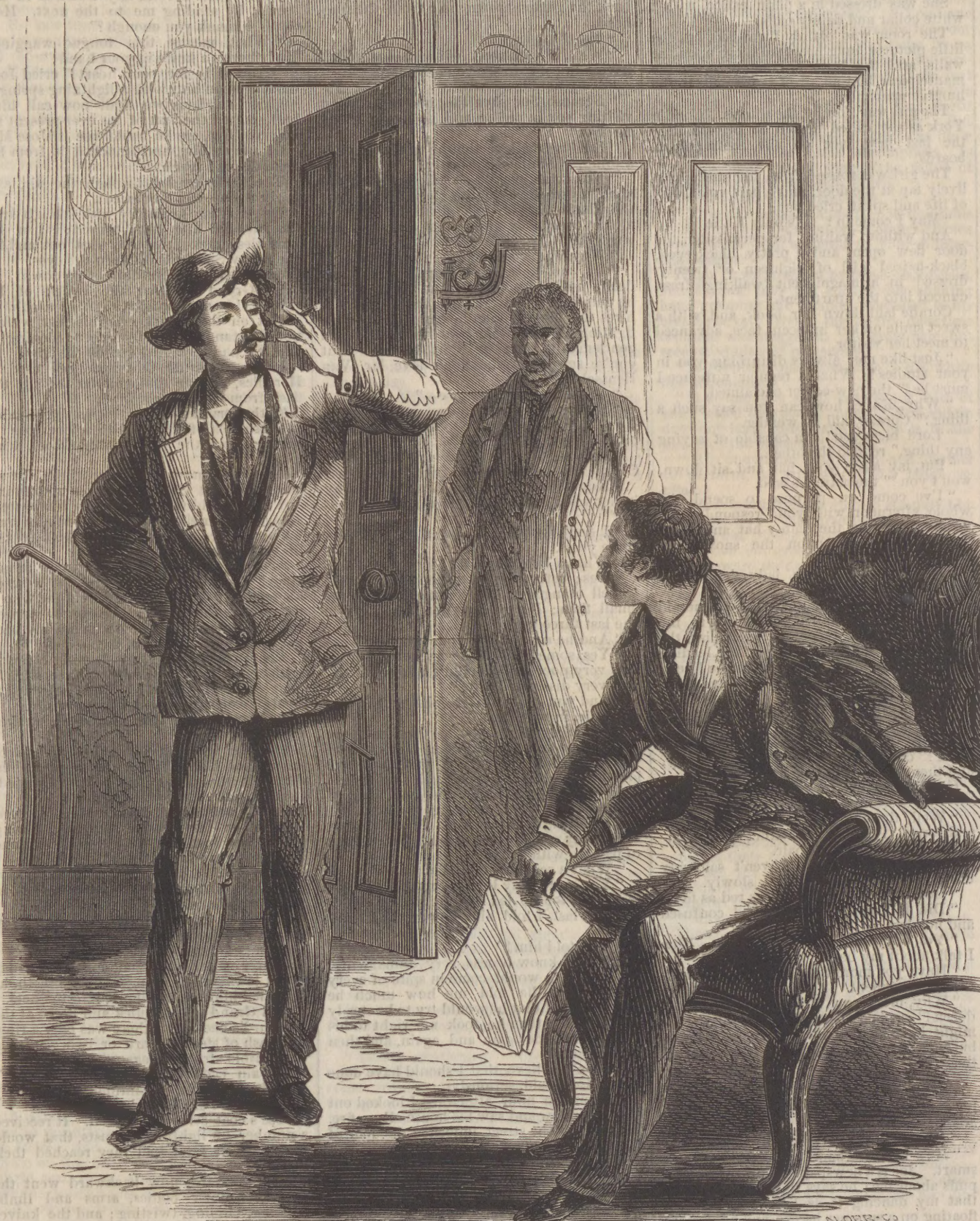
With an air of resignation the girl laid the book down upon her lap and raised her eyes to her brother's face.

"Very well," she replied; "I am all attention, but please don't bother me with any of your dry business details."

"What I have to say to you, Clara, will, I fear, prove any thing but dry or uninteresting. Now then, listen to me attentively. You know that, about four years ago, our father died and left us all his property, amounting, in round figures, to about a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Why, of course I know that," the girl replied, pettishly. "Didn't I wear mourning for nearly a year, although it was dreadfully unbecoming to me? Of course I don't complain of it, for when one loses a father, one is expected to show a proper degree of sorrow."

"You know that? Now, I am going to tell you something that you don't know."



"Good-morning, sir," said the Californian, gracefully removing the cigar from between his teeth.

Our father left us all his property—a hundred thousand dollars; that is, the law gave it to us as his only heirs, as he left no will."

"Well, I know that too," said the girl, quickly. "I'm sure you and the lawyers explained all that to me long ago. Why do you wish to revive the matter?"

"Wait," David said, quietly. "The property came to us because there was no will."

"Yes."

"But there was a will."

Clara opened her blue eyes wide in astonishment.

"Our father left a will behind him. A year after his death I found a draft of it among some of his old papers. That was three years ago. The will gives fifty thousand dollars to us, and fifty thousand dollars to one Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer, his eldest child."

"His eldest child?" exclaimed the girl, in utter astonishment.

"Yes; our father was married twice. We are the children of his second wife. This Alice, the child spoken of in the will, is the child of his first wife, whom he married secretly at a little country village called Sandy Creek, in the upper part of this State. I discovered all this from some old letters that were tied up with the draft of the will. The child Alice is not known as Van Rensselaer, but by her mother's family name of Gordon. There was some dark mystery connected with our father's first marriage, or he would not have so carefully concealed it from the world."

"And you discovered all this three years ago?" Clara asked, in wonder.

"Yes."

"But you never said a word about it."

"But I acted, though," David replied, with a quiet smile. "The moment I discovered the existence of the will, and of the child Alice, I consulted a private detective officer—one Mr. Sharpe, whose office was on Broadway. I employed him to find out all the particulars concerning the girl."

"But I never heard of this before."

"No; I kept the affair secret. The detective dispatched a messenger to Sandy Creek, with instructions to find out all the particulars concerning the girl. The messenger went and returned. By the way, do you remember the visit of a certain gentleman called Royal Keene here, just about three years ago?"

A flush swept over Clara's cheek at the question.

"Of course I remember it," she replied, evidently annoyed. "The dissipated wretch looked as if he had slept all night in the gutter. He was very saucy too. Said that I was the cause of his ruin—that I loved his father's fortune and not him, and had discarded him because his father died bankrupt."

"That was his last visit here?"

"Yes; I have never seen the horrid wretch since."

"Well, that same Royal Keene was the detective's messenger to Sandy Creek. His visit here was to deliver unto me the information that he had gained. I was thunderstruck when I learned his business. From his knowledge of our family affairs, the information he gained at Sandy Creek put him in possession of the important secret that there was another heir to the Van Rensselaer estate. The knowledge which accident had thus thrown in his way he proposed to use as a weapon against us. Fortune plays strange tricks sometimes in this world. This Keene had been picked up out of the gutter by the detective officer, Sharpe, who had been well acquainted with his father. Out of charity he employed him, so as to keep him out of the poor-house. Thinking my business of little importance, he had sent him on it, and thus placed in his hands a terrible weapon."

"But all this was three years ago and he has never made use of his knowledge," Clara said.

"Simply because I beat him at his own game," David replied, in his cold, quiet way. "He was willing to sell the secret cheap, or rather sell his silence concerning it. I left him an idea that the marriage of our father

and mother was not legal; I confess I can not understand why he should have any such idea, but he had; and as he supposed our father had died without leaving a will, by producing this girl he could rob us of all our fortune. What price do you suppose he asked?"

"I can't guess," Clara replied.

"Ten thousand dollars and your hand in marriage."

Clara looked at her brother in blank amazement.

"He wanted to marry you, and thus revenge the slight that you had put upon him."

"The horrid wretch!" cried the girl, in a passion.

"Luckily I was prepared for him. The same turn of Fortune's wheel which gave the precious information to him, gave to me a slip of paper—a draft for a hundred dollars, bearing my name, which he in a drunken fit had forged. He borrowed a small sum of money from a Jew diamond-broker on Broadway, and deposited the draft as security, promising to redeem it in a certain time. The Jew guessed that the check was worthless, but thought that, rather than run the risk of being accused of forgery, Keene would take it up. He failed to do so, and the Jew brought the draft to me. He knew that Keene had been intimate with me, and thought that I would be glad to cover up the consequence of his folly. Of course I readily bought the precious slip of paper. So you see I had two weapons to use against him. First, the draft of our father's will—he, of course, thinking that I had the will itself in my possession, and could produce it at any moment. That proved that we could retain half the property, even if the forged draft. We came to a speedy understanding, and I visited his rooms that night. I used my wits and succeeded in gaining possession of the two important papers concerning the heir which he had secured at Sandy Creek; a record of baptism and the marriage certificate of the mother. I left Keene in a drunken stupor on the floor, and

that very night the shanty caught fire and burned to the ground."

"And this wretch, Keene?" asked the girl.

"Perished in the flames!" David replied. "When I arrived at home the same evening, I immediately burned the two papers that I had secured, thus destroying all chance of the girl ever being able to prove her identity."

"But if our father made a will, who has it?" Clara asked.

"That is a question that has puzzled me for three years. If the will was in existence, why should any one hesitate to produce it, our father being dead and his estate settled up?"

"I can't guess."

"The answer to the question came this very morning."

Clara looked bewildered.

"This morning?" she said, astonished.

"Yes; that is the reason why I have spoken about the matter. Affairs are getting serious, sister; the chances are ten to one that we shall lose half of our property."

"How dreadful!" Clara exclaimed.

"Not a pleasant prospect, truly; the time has come, though, when we must prepare ourselves for the struggle."

"You do not intend to give up half of our fortune, do you, David?" Clara asked, in a dismal, helpless sort of way.

"Not if I can help it," he replied, his keen, blue eyes gleaming. "Two points are in our favor: first, the heir may be dead—his three years since I heard of her; second, we are in possession, and possession is nine points of the law. But in order that you shall fully understand the situation, listen while I read."

CHAPTER II.

THE CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE.

DAVID drew a letter from his pocket. Clara then remembered that he had received it that very morning.

Van Rensselaer opened the letter and read it aloud:

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I am an old friend of your father, and have been absent in India for five years. On my return I found at my home in Buffalo a package addressed to me by your father. On opening it I found that it contained his will, with a request that I should produce it at his death, which, he further added, I might expect to hear of at any moment. This letter, you must remember, was written to me by your father nearly five years ago, and has remained at my home in Buffalo, waiting my return. This fact, you will perceive, accounts for the long delay. I sincerely regret it. I shall be in New York, via the Hudson River Railway, Wednesday afternoon. Should be pleased to meet you at the depot, as I am quite a stranger in the city. I inclose carte. Yours respectfully,

ELIZUR HARTMUT.

"Why, how strange!" exclaimed Clara; "it seems more like a romance than a reality."

"Truth is stranger than fiction," David answered. "You see the mystery regarding the will is explained now. Our father evidently feared that, in the event of his sudden death, I might find the will and destroy it; so he sent it to his old friend."

"It will be horrid to give up the money," Clara said, reflectively.

"Yes, but we have not given it up yet," the brother replied, meaningly; "nor do I intend to without a struggle."

"That's right; think of some way to retain it. Why, David, I should really feel poor with only fifty thousand dollars."

A ring at the door-bell interrupted the conversation.

Clara rose languidly.

"That must be Adolphus," she said. "He promised to escort me down town this morning."

"Lawrence, eh? By the by, Clara, are you in love with Lawrence?" David asked.

"I really don't know," she replied, doubtfully; "I don't know whether I am or not. He's very rich, or his father is—it's the same thing."

"Yes, you had better secure him, Clara; he'll have about two hundred thousand when his father dies."

"Oh, there will not be any difficulty about securing him," Clara answered, confidently.

"Whenever he hasn't any thing else to say and is at a loss for words, he always offers me his hand and heart, and then tells me what a beautiful pair of long-tailed ponies he brought from Europe," and with a wry face, she left the room.

David leaned his cheek upon his hand, and with contracted brows, gazed upon the open letter that he held within his grasp.

"The old man must be robbed of the will," he murmured, slowly, communing with himself; "the precious paper must be destroyed; and yet my agency in the affair must not appear—must not even be suspected. How can it be accomplished?"

Thoughtfully the young man pondered over the difficult question.

"By Jove!" he cried at length, "I have it! I have solved the riddle. I'll get some cool, sharp fellow to meet him at the depot, tell him that I have gone out of town, and take him to a hotel. When he is fairly housed, I'll think of further action. That will shall never see the light of a probate court."

A servant entered the room with a card on a salver.

Van Rensselaer read the name:

"James Bright, California."

"The gemman's at the door, sir," the servant said.

"James Bright," David said, reflectively.

"I don't know any one by that name. Did he say that he wished to see me in person?"



"Yes, sir; on very 'ticular business, sar."

"Show him in, then."

"Yes, sar."

The servant withdrew.

"What the deuce can this Mr. Bright want with me, I wonder?" David said, as he awaited his visitor.

The servant conducted the stranger into the room; then withdrew and closed the door behind him.

Mr. James Bright was a man apparently about thirty years of age, with an oval, Italian sort of face, a quick black eye, high cheek-bones, and a square-set, resolute chin. He was dressed in a dark velvet suit, a white shirt with a high collar, and a white bowtie pulled carelessly over his brows, and a fragrant "Henry Clay" cigar between his regular, white teeth.

The whole appearance of the man was cool, careless, reckless—a fair type of the modern Californian, the child of the Sierras, of the rocky gulch and stone-ribbed canyon.

"Good-morning, sir," said the Californian, gracefully, removing the cigar from between his teeth and pouring forth a volume of smoke.

Van Rensselaer started to his feet in utter amazement; his face was white—the blood had forsaken the cheeks, and his eyes glared as if he gazed upon a specter rather than on a human like to himself.

The Californian never noticed the agitation of the other, but placed his cigar again between his teeth and was speedily enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke.

"That face—those eyes!" muttered Van Rensselaer, in utter bewilderment; "the very voice too—can the dead have returned to life? It is not possible." With a powerful effort he roused himself from his stupor. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, aloud, addressing his visitor. "Your name is Bright?"

"James Bright, late of Calaveras county, California," replied the stranger, bowing politely.

Again the familiar voice struck on the astonished ear of Van Rensselaer.

"It can not be," he muttered, with a nervous motion, pushing back the flaxen curls that clustered on his brow. "It is but a strong resemblance. You wish to see me, sir?" he said, again addressing the Californian.

"Yes, I've come some little distance expressly to see you," the stranger replied.

"Come some little distance?"

"A trifle—about three thousand miles," Mr. Bright said, carelessly.

"You have some business with me, then?"

"You bet!" replied the stranger, tersely.

"Explain your business, sir."

"Haden't you better ask a fellow to take a chair in your parlor, David?"

Van Rensselaer started as though he had received an electric shock. If the stranger had stricken him in the face he could not have astonished him more than by the simple utterance of his name.

"It is he," he muttered, beneath his breath; "by some strange chance of fortune he escaped from the cage of fire. He lives to call me to a reckoning."

"Are you talking to yourself or to me?" asked the Californian, between two great puffs of smoke.

"You are no stranger to me!" cried Van Rensselaer, suddenly.

"Of course not; haven't I introduced myself? Got my card in your paw now?"

"Oh! I know you!" cried Van Rensselaer, fiercely, an evil light shining in his eyes.

"Of course you do: James Bright, late of Calaveras county, California, ex-lawyer, ex-actor, and present detective officer."

"But I can call you by another name!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed.

"That is very likely."

"You are Royal Keene!"

"Oh, am I?" and the Californian looked at the New Yorker with an expression of wonder upon his face.

"Deception is useless; I recognize you, although you have changed greatly. You are the man I take you for."

"Now, don't ask me any questions because I hate to tell lies," said the stranger, coolly; "but, since you are really so anxious to know who and what I am, I'll corral a chair and talk to you." And even as he spoke the Californian coolly wheeled an easy-chair to the side of the center-table and sat down in it, still, however, keeping his hat upon his head and his cigar alight.

His mission was not one of peace, and he openly showed the signs of hostility.

Van Rensselaer, leaning upon the back of one of the large chairs, his face deadly pale, save where a hectic fever-spot burned in either cheek, awaited the speech of explanation.

"As you have guessed—for between you and I, I think that you are about the most sagacious gentleman that I have ever seen—you and I are old acquaintances," began the stranger, in his cool, easy way; "I won't say free, because I don't really think that there was ever much friendship between us. Three years ago I was a poor, miserable devil. I'll tell you how I became a doctor; how a Harvard student became a drunken lawyer. You and I were chums together at college; those days over, in the city we were apparently fast friends. I was your sister's lover, an accepted one too. Then my father died. Like many another man who has held up his head high in this great city, he died almost a beggar. His splendid income he had spent as fast as he had received it. I woke one morning and found myself master of just one thousand dollars and no more. Foolishly I confided the truth to you—told you how small was the sum that I possessed. Friend-like you suggested a way to increase the sum. You plied me with liquor, then took me to a gaming-room on Twenty-third street. I hadn't any idea then that you, the wealthy, aristocratic David Van Rensselaer, was a silent partner in that gilded hell. When morning came I left that house a ruined man—a drunken beggar. Ten hours afterward you coolly informed me that, as I was penniless, I was no match for your sister, and that henceforth we must be as strangers to each other. From that moment I went down the ladder of degradation rapidly—champagne gave place to whisky, the fashionable club-room to the corner grocery. I managed to keep myself from starvation by pleading for the poor devils—even more wretched than myself—who were brought up before the Tombs Police Court. Then Fortune threw a chance for vengeance in my way; I got hold of certain papers concerning your estate. You came to my house for those papers. Again you played the rogue. You dosed me with drugged brandy, then stole the papers; in stealing them, you took a human life—that of my poor companion, O'Kale; he detected you in your crime and you struck

him down like a dog. Through a crack in the wall, drugged as I was, I witnessed the tragedy, saw your knife crimsoned with his blood. Then to cover up your crime you set fire to the empty store below; you intended that both I and your senseless victim should perish in the flames. It was a scheme worthy of your heart of iron, but Heaven willed that I should escape. That happened just three years ago, and for these three years, day by day, almost hour by hour, have I thought of vengeance. The time has come at last. I have returned to New York to place the hangman's noose around your neck."

CHAPTER III. THE ACTRESS AT HOME.

In the front room of a modest little two-story brick house on Twenty-second street, near Sixth avenue, a tall young girl was pacing up and down, an open book in her hand.

She was very pretty with her large, clear, gray-blue eyes, her golden-brown hair and her pure red and white complexion.

There was a sad look, though, to the fair young face, and once in a while a vacant expression in the lustrous eyes, which betrayed that there was something wanting to complete the girl's happiness.

She was dressed in a plain calico, with a white collar and dainty cuffs.

The room was plainly furnished, but the little pictures hung here and there upon the walls, and the little ornaments upon the mantelpiece, lent an air of refinement to the humble apartment.

The girl was Coralie, the actress. Coralie York as she called herself in private life; the last new face on the metropolitan boards.

The girl was roused from her study by a lively tap at the door, and a pert voice, full of life and spirit, cried out:

"May I come in? It's only Katie!"

And without waiting for permission, the door flew open, and a pretty black-eyed, black-haired girl of eighteen or twenty, dressed in a magnificent walking-dress, danced into the apartment.

Coralie laid down her book, and, with a sweet smile on her innocent face, advanced to meet her visitor.

"Just like me; always disturbing you in your studies! What a regular nuisance I must be!" the new-comer exclaimed.

"Why, Katie, how can you say such a thing?" Coralie said, in wonder.

"Lord bless you! I'm capable of saying anything," replied the other.

"But, lay aside your hat and sit down, won't you?" the actress asked.

"I've come on purpose to spend the whole afternoon with you," responded the visitor, removing the dainty hat and flinging it, carelessly, upon the snow-white counterpane of the bed.

The black-eyed little lady demands a brief notice at our hands.

Katie Blake, a daughter of the Emerald Isle, was better known, however, to the world at large as Mademoiselle Heloise, the famous French danseuse, one of the leading lights of the Black Crook ballet—a lively, dashing girl, full of animal spirits, and overflowing with good-humor.

"I'm so glad," said Coralie, quickly; "I get very lonely sometimes."

"Why, don't your beau come to see you often?" cried Katie, in her impetuous way, and then suddenly stopped, in confusion.

Coralie blushed to her temples, and the soft eyes were cast upon the ground.

"Well, then, I didn't mean that. I'm real sorry. I'm always making such blunders," Katie said, in despair.

"Why, I'm sure, you haven't said anything wrong," Coralie replied, slowly.

"But, you colored up just as red as fire."

"Did I?" and the girl looked confused and helpless.

"Yes, but you're so different to me. Now I talk about my beaux with everybody."

"Have you more than one?" Coralie asked, in amazement.

"Why, bless your little heart, I've got a dozen!" replied Katie, triumphantly.

"I might have double that number if I liked, but it's too much trouble to take care of them."

"And do you like them all, equally well?"

"Oh, no!" cried the dancing girl, quickly; "there isn't one of them that I like like Joe."

"Ah, Joe is the favored one, then?"

"He's such a good fellow—and he's so smart. Joe is a newspaper man. He writes puffs about me; he says that I am an angel, that my dancing is as light as a rose-leaf floating on a summer breeze, and a lot more just such pretty stuff. He's real sweet."

"His writings you mean?"

"Both!" Katie responded, emphatically; "but he don't always write pretty. He writes about murders and prize-fights, and elections, and all such things."

"What paper is he attached to?"

"All of 'em," replied Katie, briskly; "it don't matter to him which one, as long as he gets a good price; as he said, it's a most astonishing thing, the worse the newspaper, the higher the price. And he goes and interviews people, too, and gets kicked downstairs."

"Why, how dreadful that must be!" interrupted Coralie.

"Oh, he says that he don't mind it now, if the stairs ain't too long; he's got used to it. In fact, he says that he is disappointed if he doesn't get kicked out, because it makes such a good finish to the article. But, what are you studying, dear?"

"Julius!"

"Oh, that dreadful, love-sick thing! Why, they're not going to play that, are they?"

"No; I am only studying it for my own amusement."

"Well, I thought so, for Joe says that it's no use playing Shakespeare nowadays—that he's too slow for the present age—that they want Black Crooks, clog dances and red fire; that the public understand that sort of stuff."

"I suppose he knows; but the language is beautiful," Coralie said, enthusiasm lighting her pale face.

"Yes, but it's too slow. How much salary do you get a week?" Katie asked, suddenly.

"Thirty dollars."

"And I get a hundred," exclaimed the dancing girl, triumphantly. "You use your brains, and I use my toes, there's the difference. But, Coralie, don't you ever have any one come to see you—any young fellow, I mean?"

"Come, puss, tell the truth."

"Yes—some one used to come to see me, but he doesn't come now," she added, quickly, her soft eyes bent on the ground.

"Why doesn't he come now?"

"I—I don't know," Coralie said, shyly.

"Didn't you like to have him come?"

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

"I didn't love him."

"But you liked him a little?"

"Yes."

"Bet you a pair of gloves, you dear old sweetness, that I can tell who it was!" cried Katie, stealing her arm around the waist of her friend.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Coralie, in astonishment. "I know you can not."

"David Van Rensselaer!"

The young girl started in astonishment, and her face grew white as a sheet.

"How did you guess that?" she asked, her lips trembling, and the tear-drops standing in her large eyes.

"Don't be worried, dear," said Katie, caressingly, kissing the smooth cheek of the other. "Joe told me that he was an admirer of yours; that's the way I knew."

"You know that, with the exception of Doctor Warner, I haven't a single friend. It was the doctor that introduced Mr. Van Rensselaer to me, and since his death he has seemed quite near to me."

"Are you sure that you don't love him, you dear old girl?" Katie asked, smoothing back the golden-brown hair from the forehead.

"Yes, I am sure."

"Well, if you don't love him, I wouldn't have him come to see you any more."

"Why not?"

"Because Joe says that he speaks about visiting you in public, and he ought not to do that."

"I did not believe that he would do such a thing," Coralie said, slowly.

"You know people do talk so dreadfully about us who are on the stage. Of course they don't dare to talk about me, because almost everybody knows that Joe and I are engaged."

"Why, Joe wouldn't get into a quarrel?"

"Oh, no, not into a regular fight, my dear; he knows better than that. When he gets into a quarrel, he always goes and hires the biggest man he can find to do his fighting for him. He says it's much more gentlemanly than to fight himself. But you're sure that you don't love Mr. Van Rensselaer?"

"Yes, I am sure, because—"

"Because—Oh! you've got a secret! Now, if you don't tell it to me instantly I'll bite your little finger off!"

"Because I love some one else," and Coralie hid her face on her friend's shoulder.

"How nice!" exclaimed Katie, sympathy in her voice; "and who is it, and where is he?"

"I don't know; I haven't seen him for three years."

"What a long time!"

"Yes; before I went on the stage, I used to sell oranges in the street; I was quite small then; I have grown much taller in the last three years."

"And he used to buy your oranges?"

"Yes, sometimes, not very often, for he was very poor and couldn't afford it. He was very dissipated, too."

"And you loved him in spite of it?" asked Katie, in wonder.

"Yes; I couldn't help it. Oh, Katie, you don't know how fascinating he was! There was something about him that made me love him, in spite of myself. I used to live right opposite to him; and one night I went over to carry an orange to him, and we had a long talk together. He refused to accept my orange as a present, but offered to pay me with a kiss!"

"What a sensible fellow!"

"Yes, and in my lips he must have read my heart, for he led me on little by little, until, at last, I told him how much I loved him."

"You told him?"

"Yes; I know it was very unmaidenly, but the truth would come in spite of everything. Then he told me how much he loved me, and that he would try to be steady for my sake; then he took me right to his heart, kissed me again and again, and then I ran away."

"I don't believe that I should have done that," Katie said, seriously.

"About an hour afterward I looked out of the window and saw his house all on fire. I ran across the street, unlocked the door of his room—it was locked on the outside—and found him lying senseless on the floor. I dragged him right through the flames into the street. I don't know what gave me the strength and courage, but I did it; then there was a crash, the wall fell; and when I recovered my senses, I was in the hospital."

"And the young man?"

"I don't know whether he is alive or dead," the girl replied, sadly.

"But you love his memory though?"

"Yes."

The door opened, and a servant announced:

"Mr. Van Rensselaer wishes to see you, Miss Coralie."

(To be continued.)

Hercules, the Hunchback:

OR,
The Fire-Fiends of Chicago.

A REVELATION OF THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "PLAYING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED," "BLACK CRESCENT," "BLACK HAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DUEL AND THE DEATH.

THE solitary occupant of the large house situated near Union Park paced to and fro for a long time, brooding over the occurrences of the past few hours, and cursing his apparent ill-luck with voluble vehemence.

Time flew by.

Soon the pain in his ankles became so intense that he was obliged to throw himself upon the lounge.

As he sat there the moments multiplied. The light was advancing rapidly, yet he heeded it not.

But, deep as were his cloudy meditations, he started when the sound of a faint, cautious footstep fell upon his ear.

He listened. Some one was in the entry—he approached the parlor.

He looked quickly up; and what he saw was so unexpected and significant, that all his effort at self-control could not check the exclamation of surprise on his lips, the thrill of uneasiness in his heart.

"Jose Moreno! You here!"

The Spaniard stood in the doorway. A smile that was devilish parted his lips, showing his white, regular, glistening teeth; a look that was strange made his small, dark eyes glance with a fiery sparkle; and while he met the other's gaze, there rustled from his tongue's end, half-hissing, half-whispering:

"Yes, I am here. Can you guess what brings me?"

"I am no guesser—nor am I a fool! Begone! You have no business in this house."

"A man's business sometimes forces him to unpleasant places and to unpleasant duties. And I am here on business—with you."

"Begone, I say!"

"Slowly—slowly, Carl Grand. Let me tell you something: Jose Moreno was once your affectionate dog—he used to do your bidding for the money and smiles of approval you paid him. He helped you to kill Evard Greville. He helped you to kill Nelson Greville—and after the last, you thought you would kill Jose Moreno, to be rid of him. Is it not so? When I first came here to-night I told you your day of reckoning might not be far off. Then you shot at me a few hours ago in the tunnel. I have a bullet of yours in my shoulder! *Madre!* but you are generous—you have sought twice to end my troubles in this world, by sending me to the next. How am I to thank you enough?"

"What means this tongue-wagging? Ha! there's a knife in your hand!"

"And it is for your heart!" cried Jose, darting upon him with a lightning spring.

Carl Grand (as we shall now call him) had grasped the butt of his ever-present revolver. But, ere he could use it, Jose Moreno was on him, and knocked it from his hand beyond reach.

The knife circled through the air, and fairly whizzed in its descent.

By guarding promptly with his left arm, the deadly aim was turned; then his knuckles cracked as they shot out and bit the angry Spaniard between the eyes.

Jose staggered, but did not go down.

As Grand repelled the attack of his enemy, his eye caught sight of a shining object on the carpet, near his feet, which, notwithstanding all his recent moving to and fro, had remained unseen till now.

It was the knife that had been used by Hercules, in our first chapter, to cut the flesh from Hermoine's brow.

With a cry, he sprung forward and gained possession of the weapon before Jose recovered from the blow that had been dealt him.

They were now evenly matched; for we have said that Carl Grand was no coward, and his unyielding nature made him a stern antagonist for the man who faced him, mad for vengeance, and enraged at the defeat of his first trick.

"Now, then, Jose Moreno, we are armed alike!" the young man ground out between his teeth. "Come on! and we'll see who is the quickest on muscle. You know me well enough—know that I never turned my back to an enemy. Come on, then—come!"

The speaker's body was leaning forward, with right limb to the front, knee slightly bent, every muscle in his frame schooled to steel-like elasticity, and weapon ready.

He glanced definitely at his foe, and waited for him to close.

The Spaniard was calm—the only sign of the fire and hate which was consuming him visible in the snaky eyes, that were fixed, hard and glittering, on Carl Grand.

Not a word more passed while they eyed each other for several seconds; during which time Jose took off his short coat and wrapped it carefully round his left arm.

Then he planted himself in a position much like that assumed by Grand; but he was not stationary; by a motion of the feet, that scarce disturbed the body, he drew nearer, inch by inch.

Grand clutched the knife-hilt firmer.

Nearer came Jose. Suddenly, with a snap of his jaws and drawing a short breath, he launched himself, headlong, into the duel.

Carl Grand struck quick and fierce at the Spaniard's neck; but there was only a ringing clash of steel, a spark or two, and then the terrible struggle began.

In vain each tried to seize the other's knife-hand; and, meantime, many ugly wounds were exchanged.

Jose's coat served him well. It received a number of lightning thrusts, that would have proven fatal had they reached their marks.

Now forward, now backward went the two men, their bodies, arms and limbs bending, circling, twisting; and the knives clashed above their heads and about their sides and backs, in stroke or parry—anon reaching an accidental mark and wounding a curse or a groan from the lips of the unfortunate one.

Presently they tripped over a chair, and fell.

Satan favored Jose Moreno, for, as they went down, Carl Grand was underneath, and Jose's knife, which was beneath him, pierced deep into his left side.

A shriek of agony rung through the house, as that sharp point entered the vitals of the worsted man; and the Spaniard tottered to his feet, and sunk onto the sofa, gasping for breath, and bleeding from a dozen cuts.

But through all the smear of blood upon his face, there was a hideous expression of triumph. Carl Grand, his hated enemy, was dead.

When he had somewhat recovered himself, he raised the red-stained corpse in his arms, and walked hastily from the room, in the direction of the cellar stairway.

He knew that there was an old well in the cellar—one that was long neglected and had been boarded over years ago.

He meant to consign the body to this hole.

When he had descended, he searched carefully about, feeling with his feet.

In a few moments he stood upon the planks.

Then a wild cry escaped him. The timber was rotten and weak, and ere he could retreat it gave way, and he was precipitated into the black pit in company with his ghastly burden.

Another cry, a yell of terror and dismay, and Jose Moreno had perished in the very hour of his triumph.

"To pull him out through the skylight, for it's right over the room where they've got him locked in."

"Good—if it is so?"
"So?—of course it's so."
"How to get up, now?"
"With a ladder."
"Hut—yes—the ladder."

She understood him; and, without further talk, they turned to where the ladder was leaning.
But, the task they contemplated was not an easy one. The material was heavy from exposure—had long lain in a place that was damp, even in the driest weather—and their combined strength was barely sufficient to draw it up.

The labor was more severe, owing to the fact, that they durst not make any noise, for fear of discovery.
It was a long time ere they accomplished the half of their object; and Jose Moreno had left the house, on his errand of hate and murder, before they succeeded in placing the ladder against the eaves of the higher roof.

Jack was first to ascend. When he reached the top he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. There was the skylight, as he had expected, and it was over the apartment in which Hercules was confined. He stepped over to it at once.

Lu did not imitate him. She had discovered the trap leading to the interior of the house; and, in her fearless nature, she resolved to enter, to confront the enemies of the Hunchback, at every hazard.

Willis mashed in a pane of glass, and called, guardedly:

"Hello, down there?"
"Well?" was the answering inquiry.
"I'm going to get you out."
"You are a friend?"
"Of course I am."
"Go for help, then," interrupted the prisoner.

"No use in that; I'll get you up through here."

"I must go out through the door. I'll go no other way."

"That's nonsense—"

"Do as I say, if you are a friend. Make haste. Mortimer Gascon is at No. — street, and he will wonder at my long absence."

"The man's half lunatic!" thought Willis. "Mortimer Gascon—who's he? Oh, yes!—brother-in-law to old Nelson Greville. I knew him well. Yes, I knew him."

He returned to the ladder, and rapidly made his way to the ground—entirely forgetting Lu for the moment, and not noticing that she had disappeared.

Running out at the alley, he collided with a figure that stood near the steps, like a dark statue.

"Out of the road, you jackass!" he grunted, recovering his breath, with a gasp; but he exclaimed, immediately:

"Why, hello!—Greville?"
"That's you, Jack Willis?"
"Yes—me—"

"Why did you fail to meet me at the saloon?"

"No time now to answer questions!" interrupted the detective. "We're in for a grand row! This house is full of Tom-cats and reprobates! Jose Moreno, Miguel—"

"Jose Moreno, you say?"
"Yes—"

"Then I was right. I was passing here, and saw the ruffian come out. I thought he looked like one of the men who tried to assassinate me in New Orleans."

"Yes, yes, yes; but there's no time to waste. You'll find Mortimer Gascon at No. — street. Maybe he needs you, right away. My hands are full. Hurry yourself. I'm off!" He darted across the street, to halt two men who were hurrying past, intending to enlist their services in the liberation of the Hunchback.

Evard Greville—the true Evard Greville—was not a little mystified by the detective's excitement. But he caught and understood the mention of Mortimer Gascon, and, fearing that his uncle was in danger, he started, at a swift pace, to find the house Jack Willis had named.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CLIMAX.

THE negress and the Indian woman glared at each other with all the ferocious hatred of rival beasts disputing a prey.

"What do you want here?" demanded the negress.

"The man who is in that room."

"There's nobody in there. Be off!"

"You lie, you witch! Hercules, the Hunchback, is a prisoner in there. Let him out."

"I shall not!" snapped she, perceiving that attempted falsehood was useless.

"But you will!"

"Try me, and see!" defied Lala, her eyes flashing, while she crouched to receive the leap she saw her enemy was about to make.

At that juncture, Miguel appeared at the door of the medicine-room. In one hand he held the heavy iron ladle, and he held this toward her, while he cried:

"Here!—take this, Lala, and beat her in pieces! I can't stop, or I would help you devour her! Kill her before she can pray! I must be off!" He dashed toward the stairway, intent upon escaping; for he plainly saw that Lala was hardly a match for the muscular negress—he had felt her prowess, and cared not to face her again in combat; more, he saw that Hercules must soon be at liberty; and to be in the house, with the Hunchback free, was to be in the very jaws of death.

But the Spaniard was not to get off. At one spring Lu left the ladder, and landed directly in his path.

Miguel's hand was upon his revolver in an instant, for he divined her purpose.

Ere he could use the weapon, the barrel-stave whizzed above his head, and descended with terrific force.

He tried to dodge—in vain; and, uttering a tremendous groan, he sunk down insensibly.

But the negress was soon busy. Lala rushed upon her, and, with arctic precision, dealt her a blow with the massive ladle.

Lu staggered; and before she could return the blow, the Indian woman had grappled with her—biting, scratching, tearing—fighting with limb, tooth and nail, and striving to fasten her decayed fangs in the throat of her antagonist.

With the fury of a mad wolf, the suppleness of a snake—now yelping, now hissing, now spitting and snapping like a monstrous cat, she sorely pressed Lu to her utmost resistance.

But we have already seen the nerve, the endurance, the unconquerable nature of the negress, in an unequal combat with two

strong men; and when she recovered from the first shock, she, too, uttered a yell, and bent her muscles to the fierce struggle.

Dropping the ladle, she doubled one fist, while she wound an arm round the negress's neck, and forced her chin up—then, like a hammer, fell the fist, and Lala shrieked with pain.

Tripping over the prostrate form of Miguel, they rolled down the stairs, continued the fight on the landing—then went tumbling, doubling, screaming, gouging, down to the lower hall.

Lu shook herself loose, and bounded back up the stairway—just as Willis, with two men close at his heels, entered by the front door.

"Hold that witch!" cried she, to the detective.

But Lala had breathed her last. As they fell down the steps, her head had caught between the uprights of the banister, twisted her neck nearly in two, and she was dead ere the new-comers reached her.

As Lu made toward the door of the room where Hercules was confined, Miguel recovered. He leaped to his feet, and struck her with his fist, from behind—a blow that brought her to her knees. But her hand was upon the key, and ere he could force her to loosen her grasp, she had wrenched it round in the lock.

He saw that all was lost—escape by the stairs was impossible, as he heard the tramp of those who were ascending.

Half-suffering, half-crying, in terror, at his hopeless situation, he fled precipitately into the medicine-room, meaning to jump from the window.

But his cry turned to a wild, despairing shriek; for there was a roaring voice rung out behind him, and the form of the Hunchback shot through the air, squarely onto his shoulders.

The greatest coward will fight when death stares him in the face; and Miguel struggled desperately.

But as well attempt to stay by hand a heavy fly-wheel as to resist the Herculean embrace which closed around him.

He fired one barrel of his revolver fairly into the face of Hercules, but the bullet missed the mark for which it was intended—and hit another.

Hermione had discovered the opening in the fire-place, and came through, just at the critical moment. The bullet whistled past the ear of the Hunchback, crossed the hall, entered the room opposite, and struck the maniac in the center of the forehead.

Without a groan, she fell dead.

Hercules was a demon in every lineament, as he felt his hated enemy squirming in his hold.

In less time than we take to tell it, he threw Miguel to the floor. Twining his fingers in the hair of the doomed man, he bumped his head with all the savage strength he could command.

The Spaniard's vision began to blur—he howled in agony. But the grip that was killing him slackened not.

Thud! thud! thud! struck the head. Blood poured from the ears, the nose, the mouth; there was a gasping, tremulous moan, and Miguel was past all aid.

Then a pistol cracked.

Hercules uttered a quick cry, and tottered to his feet.

In the doorway of the adjoining room stood the burnt and blistered figure of Trix, the Indian boy. He held the fatal weapon with his smoking muzzle half lowered, and his eyes seemed to burn as he cried:

"Murderer of Rose-Lip—die!"

The dwarf sprang at him. He did not budge. He again the pistol blazed forth its deadly contents; then those arms of iron, with muscles of steel and giant strength, grasped and raised the boy on high! One moment's poise, and he was hurled across the room, to the opposite wall, with a force that seemed to crush the bones in his body.

It was the last act of a dying man. Both shots delivered by the boy had found a vital spot; and the Hunchback sunk down, with glassy eyes rolled up in their sockets.

Jack Willis and his assistants bounded in, in time to witness the last act of the tableau.

Lu came in, carrying little Carl in her arms; but, ere she could realize how matters stood, Hercules was no more.

A strange, awful silence settled where had so recently reigned the sounds of deadly strife; and while the negress looked down on the last one who had perished, a single tear, great and hot, trickled down her cheek—and this, and the quivering lip, told how deeply she felt the loss of a companion whose friendship was dear to her.

The tragedy of our romance is over.

When Evard Greville entered the room where Zone and Mortimer Gascon were, he was recognized at once by them; and Zone exclaimed, half to herself:

"It is true, then! Evard Greville did escape the assassin's knife! It was his face I saw at the library window!"

Gascon held a hand out to the corner. In a moment the young man was embracing his uncle.

We will not impose a useless dialogue on the patience of the reader at this late hour in our story. Let it suffice to say that there were long explanations asked and made between uncle and nephew—mostly bearing on the substance of Zone's narrative.

It was near morning, when Jack Willis, remembering the number of the house, given him by Hercules, guided Lu to the locality.

The negress carried Carl in her arms; Willis carried his carpet-bag, which he had recovered from behind the parlor curtains of Lala's home.

Zone saw a roll of MS. in the detective's hand, and it was tied with a black ribbon, sealed with a black seal. In another second that which was to restore her inheritance was in her possession.

"Where is Hercules?" inquired Mortimer Gascon.

For awhile no one spoke. Then Lu answered, sadly:

"Dead!"

"Dead!" The word was repeated in a whisper.

"Yes," said Jack; "he's gone up!—that is, he's defunct. So's that female piece of imposition who called herself 'Hermione Greville.' You see, Mr. Mortimer Gascon, I used to live in Chicago; and I was here when this adventure came to personate Miss Hermione. I knew she was a fraud; for the true child used to have a dark, hairy mole on her left arm below the elbow, and this impostor didn't, because she wore short sleeves on several occasions, and I was unlucky enough to notice it. Mind, I say unlucky. For, before I could do any thing toward exposing her, she found out that I'd found

her out, and she hired two rascals to drown me out on the lake. They came pretty near doing it, too! But I got off, and went to New Orleans—scared pretty near to death! I became a detective. While plying my profession there, I met your nephew. He told me what he'd been through, and what he wanted to do. I wanted some satisfaction myself in the same direction; and so we came to Chicago. I was on the track of a house-thief, named Miguel, at the time; and to-night I saw him here. But our friend, the crookback, kindly saved me some trouble by thumping the fellow's brains out! And there's one of the remarkable sketches of my life. We're all here, aren't we? Now, I guess every thing will soon be all right."

"How did you come by this?" asked Zone, indicating the MS. "Della Rivers had it."

"Found it on the stair-landing, at the house where we've just had a mauling," was all the explanation he could give.

"The maniac had, with a quick motion, deposited the valuable papers up in one corner of the stair-landing, when she was following Jose Moreno and the crone to the second story of the latter's house; and the roll had remained there unseen, until the keen glance of the detective had discovered it."

If there is more to add, let the reader exercise his or her imagination.

We have finished our work—and woven another item into the events of that memorable night, when Chicago sunk in ruins under the scourge of fire.

THE END.

Madeleine's Marriage:

OR,

THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER XXX.

FACE TO FACE.

DORANT crossed the room to open the door, which was never kept fastened during the day.

George Miles was defending it with his "thundering big stick," against two persons.

"Oh, if my dog were only alive!" he was saying; "wouldn't he have peppered both of you? and they could only bring it in manslaughter against a quadruped."

"No, George," interposed Dorant; "no violence!"

George looked around when he heard his voice.

"Oh, sir, you have opened the door! Will you let them in? I would not have you disturbed!"

"Come in," said Lewis, stepping back. The intruders were Marritt and his accomplice, Hugh Rawd; both well armed, and intent on their nefarious purpose.

They entered the house without hesitation.

"Oh, very well!" muttered George. "Hang me if I don't follow them, in case I might be wanted. Who knows? I don't like the looks of that oldest hand-god fellow!"

The scene within was a most unexpected one to the unwelcome visitors.

The lamp gave but a dim and imperfect light, but it disclosed all the figures with sufficient distinctness for recognition.

In the center of the room stood Madeleine, her veil thrown back, on her way to the door, to go home, as she had proposed.

Oriel stood leaning on the arm of young Duclos.

Frank was very pale and greatly agitated by what he had heard. He clasped Oriel's trembling hand, holding her arm pressed to his side, and looked sternly at the new-comers.

Dorant preceded them, and they were followed by George, leading the monkey by his string.

"These gentlemen," observed Lewis, with a grim smile, "appear to have had some trouble in effecting an entrance. George thought we wished to be alone. But we had just been speaking of them—eh, Duclos?"

Frank Duclos, with face blanched, and eyes flashing fire, advanced a step or two—putting Oriel back, and dropping her hand.

The two villains had expected to find their intended victim alone, and they were startled and alarmed by seeing so many persons. Marritt was first to recover his self-possession.

"Upon my word," he said, sneeringly, "a singular group! We called on business with Sanders here, and find him entertaining a couple of ladies, whom I am very much surprised to meet in this place! Permit me to ask, madam, for what cause this house is graced with your presence?"

Madeleine turned away her face, and made him no answer.

"Or yours, Miss Oriel?"

The girl's young lover advanced to answer for her; but Dorant waved him back, and stopped him from speaking.

"These ladies came," replied Lewis; "for the purpose of returning to me this pocket-book which I had sent to them, as containing papers in which they were interested."

He held out the pocket-book as he spoke.

"By Jove!" yelled Hugh Rawd, "it is the very same the rascal robbed me of! Give it back this instant!"

He started forward to snatch it from Dorant, but the latter repulsed him; and at the same moment Frank laid hold of him.

"Off with you!" the wretch exclaimed. "Give back my property! It is mine! Marritt, help me to get it back!"

Marritt had drawn himself up with an arrogant assumption of superior authority.

"No need of violence," he said; "the fellow will have to give it up. But first, Mrs. Clermont, I request you to withdraw."

"I acknowledge that name no longer!" answered Madeleine, looking at him scornfully. "Here stands my husband!"

"Woman, you are raving!"

"This is Lewis Dorant, whom you and that villain—"

"—and she pointed to Hugh—"

"—tried to murder years ago. Providence saved him—and unites us after our long separation."

"And has sent me," added Duclos, "to avenge the death of my father."

"You!" exclaimed Marritt, turning to him. "You—the aspirant to my daughter's hand?"

"I am no daughter of yours!" put in the young girl.

"Very true!" sneered Marritt; "and I earnestly recommend you, sir, for your own sake, to abandon all idea of the marriage."

"Why so?"

"I presume you would scarcely care to unite yourself to the daughter of a woman who may stand shortly as a culprit before a public court, on a charge of bigamy."

"The shadow of that fear, miserable," said Lewis Dorant, "has kept me in concealment ever since I came from the wars; and that unwillingness to disturb my wife's possession of the wealth that was her birthright. I could not bear to hurl her from those splendid possessions—little as was the joy they gave her—and make her the scorn and scandal of society. So I concealed my existence, and watched over her in secret. But chance—or rather Providence—has again brought us together."

"To part no more!" said Madeleine. "I will never leave him again!"

Marritt gnashed his teeth.

"And you will encounter the shame of a trial?"

"I was innocent of wrong! I knew not that he lived!"

"How can you prove your innocence, madam? This law will require that!"

"Liar!" exclaimed Dorant. "It is for the law to prove guilty! But she can prove her innocence by proving your attempt to murder her husband!"

"He is right!" exclaimed young Duclos, no longer able to keep silence. "You have studied for years to invent tortures for your blameless wife; and now you hope by an absurd calumny to overwhelm her and prevent her daughter's marriage! You had your own reasons for getting that lady's husband out of the way—that you might wed her and conceal the fortune!"

But you had not the courage to strike the blow yourself, and you hired accomplices. Is not this man one of them?" he asked of Dorant, pointing to Hugh Rawd.

Dorant nodded affirmatively.

"This villain made a mistake in doing his work, and thereby another—Colonel Duclos—my father—fell a victim to your murderous designs."

Hugh Rawd, crushed by these discoveries, had shrunk into the corner, his shaking hand grasping the weapon concealed in his breast-pocket. Even the more dauntless criminal was staggered. He grew pale, but recovered his self-possession.

"A preposterous accusation!" his white lips articulated.

"It is one you shall answer for, both of you!" cried the young man. "You villain does not leave this room till he is in the hands of the officers of justice!"

"It is one thing to threaten, and another to perform, as you will find," Hugh replied.

"How my fingers do itch to strangle him—the vampire!" muttered George. "I had best get out of the way, or the temptation may prove too great for me." He stole on tiptoe toward the door. "Be quiet, monkey, or I will put you in your box." On second thoughts he turned back.

"I may be wanted yet. Prudence is the better part of valor."

"Now, sir," resumed Marritt, "to return to business, I require, first, your surrender of that pocket-book, which, by your own confession, you stole from its owner!"

"Stole!" is a word I never used," retorted Dorant. "I took it from a man who was not its owner."

"How do you know he was not? Why did you take it?"

"Because I heard him say he could ruin with the papers it contained a lady over whose safety I watched. That is my answer to your last question. To your first I reply: he can not be the owner of the papers."

For, in fact, they bore evidence that they are the property of others. Would you know what they are?"

Marritt made no answer.

"Make him give them up!" cried Hugh. "Though it's little can be done with them now."

"The papers," resumed Dorant, "are a certificate of the lawful marriage of Edward Clermont—the son of Mr. Clermont of Broadhurst, Sussex—with Emily Watts, the daughter of the miller, then living in her father's cottage. This was given by the Rev. Isaac Morgan, of Dundas Rectory, who happened to be on a journey and stopped at the village near Broadhurst."

"Another paper is the leaf torn out of the parish register, recording the marriage of those two persons."

"Another is the register of the birth and baptism of their son, Edward Clermont."

"Other papers are letters from the father of this boy to his wife, when she was absent in London."

"All very fine!" commented Marritt, with a sneer meant to be incredulous. "And what do you mean to do with these important papers, if I may be so curious as to ask?"

"You have nothing to do with my intention, Mr. Marritt."

"Destroy them, no doubt."

"No, sir," exclaimed Madeleine, eagerly. "We shall restore them to their rightful owners. Too long have they been kept from their dues. It was for that I brought them to him; it was for that he sent them to me."

"A virtuous self-sacrifice! Are you aware, madam, of the consequences to yourself, should such papers fall into certain hands?"

"I am; I know that I shall lose the estate."

"And you are going to give them up, nevertheless?"

"They shall be given up to-morrow."

"Very good, as far as you are concerned. But I have a stake in the property, since half belongs to me; and I shall not let it go so easily."

He strode forward quickly, and before Dorant was aware, had snatched the pocket-book from his hand, and flung it toward Hugh, meaning him to catch it.

It fell at his feet, and he stooped to lift the prize.

But the monkey was too quick for him. The animal darted to him in an instant, caught up the pocket-book, scampered off with it, and the next moment had climbed upon one of the bare rafters of the room, and sat perched on the window cornice, quite out of reach.

"Bravo!" shouted George. "Bravo, Jocko! Keep at there, my good fellow; take care of it!"

The monkey, as if understanding him, leaped up and thrust the pocket-book fast between one of the rafters and the ceiling, wedging it in tightly with several blows of his heavy fist. Then he ran down nimbly, and capered about his master.

With a howl of rage Hugh sprang at the creature, but only got some severe scratches, besides a mauling from George himself.

Marritt had observed this little scene with a scowl of disappointment.

"You keep monkeys trained to theft!"

he said, angrily. "I can easily compel you to give it back."

"And what will it benefit you, sir?" asked Dorant, "since your marriage gives you no claim?"

"We shall see to that."

"My husband was living," said Madeleine, "when that empty ceremony passed, which—"

"Which, at least, veiled the shame and infamy of your first marriage!" said Marritt, for the first time enraged, since he saw ruin impending which he could not avert.

"For shame, sir! How dare you talk of infamy?" Madeleine replied, "except in connection with yourself!"

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, four months \$1.00
One copy, one year 3.00
Two copies, one year 5.00

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Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.

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The SATURDAY JOURNAL has prepared, for its summer campaign, a decidedly captivating programme, of which the above-mentioned new serials are only a part. Each issue will team with good things in prose, verse, humor and illustration.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—One of the most significant evidences of material progress in this country is the number and circulation of daily and weekly papers, and of the periodical magazines. The aggregate is simply immense—far beyond what any ordinary observer would suspect. No means has hitherto existed by which to obtain this aggregate, but in the exquisitely-printed and substantially-bound octavo *American Newspaper Directory* of George P. Rowell & Co., we have the data, in very perfect and luminous shape, by which to learn not only of aggregates, but of details of circulation of every paper in the United States! Such a compend, with all its collateral information regarding towns, their population, chief business features, etc., etc., is truly a most welcome contribution to statisticians, and to the person who wants to know how, when and where to advertise, it is almost invaluable. The book is at once a Guide to the Populations, Intelligence and Geography of towns and counties in all the States, and a wonderfully painstaking and generally trustworthy indicator of the comparative value of each and every advertising medium in the entire country. The volume is a credit to the great advertising firm whose enterprise has produced it, and a real blessing to all who are interested in all in American journalism either as editors, publishers, readers or advertisers.

Among the multitude of papers and magazines designed for women must be named the *Lady's Friend*, monthly, of Philadelphia, edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson. It is admirably adapted for that large class of American women who want to know "what is the fashion," and like, with that knowledge, a seasoning of sketch, story and sprightly-conveyed information on household subjects.

"Society" readers rejoice over the establishment, in this city, of the *Fifth Avenue Journal*, a weekly record of social, dramatic and artistic doings, and a journal of light literature for the freest and travel. The paper, we learn, is quite a success, as it deserves, for its tone is refined and its literary conduct discriminating and judicious.

A contributor writes: "I must say I am surprised—there have been such doubts as to the payment for MS. before, but the editors and not I always got the benefit of the doubt. I have found one honest editor at last! I can hold you and the editors of the *Christian Union*, for all the rest, as models of gentlemanly kindness and courtesy." Whew! For what papers has our contributor hitherto been writing?

MISERIES.

SITTING for a photograph with all the patience of an image, and then have the operator look at you instead of his watch, spoiling the plate and obliging you to sit for another! I have seen enough of that business to last me a great while. I have undergone the torture of sitting in the chair of pain, with one hand resting gracefully on the marble-topped table, and looking straight at the camera. Oh! didn't I consider the time interminable, and didn't I feel like winking or making up faces? Yes, dear, and didn't I talk to myself a bit? I know I thought to myself thus: "Well, now isn't this ridiculous of you, Eve, to sit up here like a scarecrow, just to gratify somebody, who wants your face? If the result isn't the photograph of a lone lorn and much-to-be-pitied individual, I shall never agree with myself again."

How cool the photographer was! Had he forgotten me and gone to sleep? No; he was as careless and nonchalant as could be. At last I was allowed to move, and I verily believe if I hadn't been in a strange place, I should have danced an impromptu Highland Fling, but I didn't; I only sighed, and was thankful that the infliction was over. Of course I was not satisfied with the picture, but the photographer assured me it was a most admirable likeness—that he had never taken a better. I suppose he would have said so if it was as black as a coal. That is probably his stereotyped speech. I complained that the bow at my collar was sideways. "It was so in the original," "But you should have told me of it." "I never dictate to a lady, and I didn't know but it might be the fashion—fashions change so often, and are often very peculiar."

Untold misery comes in the shape of venturing out in a driving snow-storm to attend a funny lecture, given by Mark Twain, the Fat Contributor, or Josh Billings, and upon arriving at the hall, finding that the severity of the storm has prevented their arrival, but "Prof. Drone has kindly consented to enliven the audience with a few remarks." There he keeps us for a couple of hours with dissertations upon "Gunshot Wounds," "Epilepsy and its Treatment," and a few more *seemingly* suggestions, almost making you wish he had them all combined. Poor humanity! If it suffers as much in the profession of these maladies as we do in hearing Dr. Drone comment upon them, I pity the sufferers from the bottom of my heart.

Then there's the misery of reading a heartrending account of some poor man away out in India, being nearly burned alive, and while we are sympathizing with him in his agony, we find "he was restored to complete health, and was made a new being by the use of three boxes of Prof. Bugham's celebrated never-known-to-fail salve. I abominate editors who *allow* such advertisements in their columns, and doubtless they feel better for my dislike.

Another misery is to be a funny man by profession and receive an invitation to a party, being expected to say nothing serious all through the evening, and because you are not "in the humor" you are set down as pilfering all the fun you put in the paper, because you can not manufacture wit up every occasion.

The chief misery of all is endeavoring to write an essay with greasy paper, spring-had pens, and the ink half-frozen, and no ideas in your noodle. If you can imagine any thing more miserable, keep it to yourself! EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Romance.

ONCE upon a time, before—very long before—you little boys had begun to wear boots, while yet you were in the nurse's arms and had somebody to wash your faces at least once a week, there lived in a certain town, not mentioned in the history of the middle ages, a nobleman and gallant cavalier by the euphonious title of Patrick McInnegan.

This redoubtable knight, not caring much for the honors of leading troops of mail-clad men into glorious battle, or going about redressing human wrongs, pursued the even tenor of his way by going about and working for day's wages at whatever his royal hands could get to do. He was remarkable for being master of every trade, except the ones which he followed. The affairs of state didn't lie quite as heavily on his shoulders as did his load of mortar, which trade he carried on the strongest, except when he heard the other cry of "more brick."

This gay cavalier, possessing the most poetic sentiments, in his hours of ease took his pipe out of his mouth and made love to a fairy, whose earthly name was registered as Biddy O'Rourke, and who, when she didn't have her Sunday duds on, or when Pat wasn't in the kitchen, did the cooking in a small family, where there was no children, work light and references exchanged.

There did he beguile her heart by singing in true knightly fashion those touching ballads of Rory O'More, Drops O' Whisky, etc., with the occasional interludes of knocking the ashes out of his pipe on his heel; and often did she lose herself in admiration of his courtly figure as he would trip the light fantastic brogan in the sinuous mazes of the Irish reel.

By and by he offered her his royal self and promised to make her queen of his realm in this style, throwing himself before her: "Arrah be jabers (Italian for how's your mother) and it's meself that would like to marry you, Biddy; and if ye were thinking the same by me, let us both get married." Instead of disappearing in a cloud, as you are expecting to hear that she did, she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron and sighed: "Indade, we'll do that, provided you don't set the day too far off. *Cushla-ma-chree*." (Spanish for "I love you for that nose of yours.")

So the day was set, and the news of the betrothal soon spread to the neighboring dominions (other kitchens) with the rapidity of Biddy's own tongue, which was something quick; and it is noted in the chronicles of the historian that, with the introduction of love into the kitchen, the cooking suffered a good deal, but some folks are too particular about their victuals.

Now this invincible warrior, Don Patrick McInnegan, noted for his deeds of arms, he could jerk a cow over the fence by the tail—looked around over his broad domains and found that he hadn't a foot of land in the world nor anywhere else; but, it was the mere matter of a moment for him to unlock the doors of his vast treasury, and purchase a wide scope of country, beginning at the very corporation line of the town

and extending thence west in the direction of the Pacific Ocean—forty-two feet—and stretching north and south in the direction of the Poles, the enormous distance of sixty-four feet. I wish I could have said "miles."

It was Pat's boast that he could stand in the center of it all day without coming to the end of it.

Like other renowned princes, Pat wanted a castle to take his bride to when they were married, and, riding over his territories, he found there was no such thing as a castle to be found on them; so he inquired the price of granite, and finding that granite would come cheaper than marble and last longer, he set right to work with the energy characteristic of his sex, and, with the assistance of a small boy, built a castle of boards. Some castles took many years in building, but it was this knight's boast that he completed his in three days.

Instead of cutting it up into endless halls and labyrinthine rooms, he made one room out of the whole of it, and ran the stovepipe through the roof; and as he couldn't get an artist to come and fresco the walls for nothing, he left them just as they were, saying that, if at some future day when gold leaf got plentier in New York, he wouldn't buy any, but would whitewash the walls himself.

He scoured the country far and wide for a span of noble horses, but as he couldn't find any but what belonged to somebody else, he did the next best thing he could do by going and buying a couple of pigs, and, as he couldn't get a fine barouche to suit him (in terms) he always kept a wheelbarrow handy, lying on its back, with its legs in the air.

Finding that angles in a building were in conformity with the Elizabethan order, he set to work and built an L to his castle, designedly for his reapers, but practically to keep his pigs in. He measured his floor for an imported carpet, but, as merchants had the miserly habit of charging for them, he did the next best thing he could do with the least expense, and that was—he did without it.

With the true eye of a landscape gardener, he laid out his vast grounds in picturesque rows, and set out his ornamental potatoes, interspersed here and there with little groves of cabbages for grateful shade, as their leaves are larger than any other trees.

When every thing was finished in the highest style of art, Pat took a drink and a spy-glass, and surveyed it from all points, well satisfied; while, as yet, he had said nothing to his affianced, who thought he was poor but honest.

The day came. Pat scraped the mud from his boots, rolled down his sleeves, and they were married. If you read the history of France carefully, in the eighteenth chapter you will find a most gorgeous description of this wedding left out. Then they took a walk and, coming to the grand castle, Prince Patrick took his pipe out of his mouth and said: "All of this is mine and thine." When the princess said: "And it's a broth of a boy ye is," she fainted. There they ever afterward lived happily together, and the pigs and children got fat and saucy. You should all try to be princes.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Our Omnibus.

If the following isn't good poetry it points a good moral—which is something in these days of "ambling" over a gin-counter:

PADDY POB.

Poor Paddy Pob
Carried the hod,
Upon his shoulder broad;
He sung by day
A little lay,
As upwardly he soar'd.

No troubles mind,
Cared he to find,
Twisted at his labor mild;
So happily
Induced was he
That oft he "smiled."

One luckless day,
The third of May,
In eighteen hundred sixty-six,
By "smiling" gin
He set his foot
And fell down with some bricks.

The whiskey sot
Recovered not;
The corner gave it—that
Because he tried
To put bricks in his hat.

BILLY POTTS.

A reader, none of whose relatives, we are assured, were hung or have run for Congress, and who lives on his own resources, writes us this item of information:

The readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL have been very anxious to get at the bottom of a certain secret, which they could not find out, so here it is:

The "White Witch" in company with "Overland Kit" have been trying to steal the "Black Crescent," but to do it they must have the help of the "Wolf Demon," with the "Scarlet Hand," but they have been betrayed by "Old Grizzly," who in company with "Duke White" and "Wild Nathan" were on the track of the "Masked Miner," the man with the "Heart of Fire," who had been "Out in the World" hunting for the "Red Rajah," the commander of the "Ocean Girl." The "Boy Clown" hearing this went to the "Banker's Ward" to find out a certain "Dark Secret," but he found him that she was "Oath Bound" by "Bessie Raynor" not to reveal it, because the "Blackfoot Queen" with the "Ebon Mask" was "Love Blind," and that the "College Rivals" had "Tracked to Death" "Orphan Nell," with the "Shadowed Heart," who would not reveal to them the whereabouts of "Ludwig, the Wolf," for whose person "50,000 Reward" had been offered by "Washington Whitehorn," "Joe Jot," and the "Fat Contributor."

N. B. To be continued.

Some fellow who has been there reports to us from Arcadia as follows:

LOVE.

Holiest sentiment, sweetly absorbing,
Stealing o'er spirit and soul,
Diffusing a joy between kisses and weeping,
Thrilling like music's sweet roll.

Wild and sweeter than music's soft morning;
Gushing on night's sable wing;
Brighter and fleet than beams of rependence
Rushing from day's flashing king.

Wave of eternity wandering earthward,
Crested with purity's light,
Essence of Beauty, Love inexpressible,
Illumining life's darkest night. D. E. K.

Our special correspondent from Hardtack, Mr. A. Duncie, Jr., sends this by express:

Two sports, having no way to kill time, met one morning, and one asked the other:

"Jim, what are we going to do to kill time this week?"

"Well," replied Jim, "I don't know or care what you are going to do, but I have got something for a week ahead."

"Well," answered the first speaker, "you bet I'm glad, because sometimes you're so weak-headed as to actually be a bore."

If we were all philosophers, how wise we should be! As we are not all relatives by direct descent to Diogenes, we have to defer to those who evidently are of his race, as must be the following expostor:

HITS-IN-BITS.

It is very easy for a wise man to undo the work of a fool, but it is easier for him to make a fool of himself by so doing.

When old folks make such horrible faces over the follies of their children, they forget that they are only making faces at themselves.

There will be a somewhat uncomfortable feeling on the day of judgment, if Christ receives us as kindly as we receive those who call on us for food and comfort.

If some of those strong-minded women, leading advocates of "female suffrage," would show a little more pure womanly love toward their so-called male enemies, and let a few smiles and blushes now and then bewitch their faces, instead of using the bombastic language that we daily hear from them, and carrying such ugly, dried-up faces wherever they go, they might succeed a little faster in their "free-love" enterprise.

Encouragement for young singers: There is very little music in the bones of a mule, but remember "every little helps."

Why is a married man more apt to become a Christian than a single man? Because a single man has no one to care for but himself, looks on life as a beautiful dream, and doubts the existence of a future hell. While a married man, having some one to care for, has a foretaste of misery, and is willing to do anything that is honest to escape a deeper pit of misery.

ARNOLD ISLER.

Short Stories from History.

Origin of the Drama.—Greece, the nursery of the arts and sciences, was the parent of the Drama; at least there is no record of its having been known among more ancient nations. The different States of Greece have contested the honor of its birth, but it is generally attributed to the Athenians, who derived its origin from the hymns which were sung in the festivals of Bacchus in honor of that deity. While these resounded in the ears of the multitude, choruses of Bacchantes and Pans ranged round certain images, which they carried in triumphant procession, chanting indecent songs, and sometimes sacrificing individuals to public ridicule.

While this was the practice in the cities, a still greater licentiousness reigned in the worship paid to the same divinity by the inhabitants of the country, and especially at the season when they gathered the fruits of his supposed beneficence. Vintagers, besmeared with wine lees, and intoxicated with joy and the juice of the grape, rode forth in their carts, and attacked each other on the road with gross sarcasms, revenging themselves on their neighbors with ridicule, and on the rich by publishing their acts of injustice.

The hymns in honor of Bacchus, while they described his rapid progress and splendid conquests, became imitative; and in the contests of the Pythian games, the players on the flute, who entered into competition, were enjoined by an express law to represent successively the circumstances that had preceded, accompanied, and followed the victory of Apollo over Python.

To Susarion and Thespis the Greek drama in its infancy was largely indebted; indeed, the latter has almost been considered as the parent of the stage, dramatic performers being to this day called the children of Thespis. Susarion and Thespis were both born at Icaria in Attica; each appeared at the head of a company of actors, the one a kind of stage, the other in a cart. Susarion, who attacked the vices and follies of the age, represented his first pieces about five hundred and eighty years before Christ. Thespis, who treated more noble subjects, which he took from history, made his first attempt in tragedy some years after Susarion, and acted his "Alceides" five hundred and thirty-six years before Christ.

The comedies of Susarion were in the same taste with those indecent and satirical farces which were afterward performed in some of the cities of Greece, and were long the favorite entertainment of the country people.

Thespis had noticed in the festivals in which, as yet, hymns only were sung, that one of the singers, mounted on a table, formed a kind of dialogue with the chorus. From this hint he conceived the idea of introducing into the tragedies an actor who, by simple recitals introduced at intervals, should give relief to the chorus, divide the action, and render it more interesting. This happy innovation, together with some other liberties in which Thespis indulged, gave alarm to the great Athenian legislator, who was supposed to be better able than any other to discern the value or danger of the novelty. Solon condemned a species of composition in which the ancient traditions were disguised by fictions. "If," said he to Thespis, "we applaud falsehood in our public exhibitions, we shall soon find that it will insinuate itself into our most sacred engagements."

The pieces of Thespis and Susarion were, however, received with an approbation and delight, both in the city and country, that rendered useless the suspicious foresight of Solon. The poets, who till then had only exercised their genius in dithyrambs and licentious satire, struck with the elegant forms which this species of composition began to assume, dedicated their talents to tragedy and comedy. Comedy soon admitted a greater variety of subjects; and although those who judged of their pleasures from habit exclaimed that these subjects were foreign to the worship of Bacchus, yet the greater number crowded with still more eagerness after the new pieces. From this period the progress of the dramatic art was extremely rapid.

Hornace said that the actors whom Thespis carried about in his cart had their faces besmeared with wine lees; Suidas, that white lead and vermilion were the ingredients employed.

SWEET words fly like honey-bees from the flower-lips of a lovely woman, penetrate the heart as with the shaft of love, and then fill the puncture with honey.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence, etc., except in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS., which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS.; as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit, we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their writings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can not use the following contributions, and for various reasons, but our rejection by no means implies a want of merit in the several MSS., many of which can be used elsewhere: "Intemperance," "How a Deer Was Shot," "I Told You So," "The Ballet Girl," "Viperous Editors," "Some Solemn Talk," "My Darling," "The Chain of Fate," "Jealousy After Marriage," "Teddy O'Boyle," "The Ruffian's Peril," "The Deacon's Stratagem," "Foot Squirrels," "Violet," "The Yankee Spy," "A Skirmish with Indians," "A Penny-worth of Fame," "Who is the Man?" "A Gun for a Song," "Old Ben's Believingly Oath." Will put R. P. U.'s contribution in Our Omnibus.

The two contributions by A. I., one we use; to one we must say no, because it is a very commonplace incident.

The two poems by Mattie D. B. we will find place for.

The several contributions by Mrs. G. S. H. we will report on next week. We are "full of MSS., and yet are ever glad to welcome what is really good."

PERMISSION WANTED. We have no objection to our sketches being put in dramatic shape, but no serial must be so quoted as to make it a matter of order. DAVID BROWN. The cost of the SATURDAY JOURNAL from No. 1 to 96 will be \$5.

LONG ED. Consult your physician. Of course constant reading has much to do in aggravating the evil.

X. Y. Z. Old Nick Whiffles is a pure fiction, but, like Cooper's Deerslayer and Pathfinder, he is a typical man, whose counter-part can be found in the wild the one whose name is not given, and the other "Queen" are said. This story commenced in No. 52 of this journal. We have in hand a new story by the same writer—the redoubtable Capt. J. F. C. Adams. It is called "The Papers are sent regularly. Grand Riders of the Plains." The contribution "Grand Riders" not being available, was not preserved (April 5th). The papers are sent regularly. If lost on the way, Uncle Sam is to blame.

J. EDD LESLIE. We sent no formal receipt. The continual of your subscription is evidence of the money's receipt.

W. V. L. Direct, Commandant Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., or Portsmouth, N. H.

CONSTANT READER. Go to Albany and take Albany and Susquehanna R. R.

JOHN E. BARROW. A person's birthplace indicates his nationality, but if his private allegiance is due to some distant power, he is rated as a citizen of such power or nation, when he becomes of age, unless he declares against it, and then he takes an oath of allegiance to another Government.

RED WOLF. The amount you name is quite enough for a small news-hand. A local license may be necessary. All notices must be in the form of order. There are four alphabets in use in every form of type, viz.: lower case or Roman; italic; small caps and caps.

CHAR. S. B. We know of no "short cut" to learning. All the text-books for educators which promise to learn you French or German or any branch of Science in Ten Lessons, are simply humbug. To learn German or French is a matter of at least a year's patient study, and then of long-continued practice or application of rules which you have learned. In serious study, and not in a road-ave that which all students must follow—of patient, yet laborious study and research. So, don't be misled, but make up your mind, at the start, to have a real struggle, and that you will conquer. This will carry you through when a fainter or more impatient heart would fail.

TOBACCO. You must recollect that chimneys often smoke, from no other cause, than from a waste of smoke; too much wood or coal having been put on at once upon the fire, will cause a chimney to smoke badly.

NECK. The shells of oysters, when they are fresh, are firmly closed; when the shells are open, the oysters are dead, and unfit for use. Oysters are not considered suitable to eat from the first of May until the first of September.

READER. The French phrases you speak of, may be translated as follows: *A la mode*, according to the fashion; *Au bon plaisir*, according to one's own mind; *La belle manie*, the beautiful world; *Chef d'œuvre*, a masterpiece.

JENNY W. A pretty open cloak for the season can be made out of white cloth, lined with some bright-colored silk; the cloak should be made both loose, neigle and light.

ROSE. Velvet suits are worn this season by gentlemen—velvet coat and vest, with light pants; but they attract too much attention to be agreeable to a modest wearer.

INVALID. The personal property of a person deceased, left and disposed of, by deed or will, is divided among his widow and children, or, if he has no heirs, the property goes to the father; if he also is dead, it goes to the mother, mothers and sisters and their children, and so on, in descending order; next at heir, are his grandparents; if none, his uncles and great-nephews and nieces. Wills to be valid must be made in a sound mind, or above the age of twenty-one in a sound state of mind, not guilty of treason, nor a felon nor an outlaw. A female must be unmarried, unless the will is made with the consent of her husband. No will is valid unless it is in writing, signed at the foot thereof by the testator, and the signature made in the presence of two or more competent witnesses, who subscribe the signature of the testator, and of two or more witnesses.

MARY T. Give your medical adviser your entire confidence. "Tell him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Do not magnify or make light of your trouble; give him an unvarnished statement of the facts. If you have doubts as to the state of your health after consulting your own physician, and wish to consult another, do not do so without first consulting and advising with your own practitioner.

BACHELOR. All men of age, among the Romans, were obliged to marry, and it is even a modern law of England that no man, who is not married, can hold office in the kingdom of twenty-five years and over; but the law is not enforced.

MOTHER. We certainly do not approve of the use of straight-backed chairs in school, or of the use of a supped, make a girl sit straight or crooked, as she is supposed; they make the curve of the back unnatural and ungainly, and as an instrument of torture are more likely to make a girl crooked than straight. We do not approve of lolling on a sofa; but, if a girl is tired and wants to rest herself, let her have a comfortable chair.

CHOCOLATE. Chocolate, the flour of the cocoa-nut, was first introduced into England from Mexico, in the year 1520, and soon after became a favorite beverage throughout the world.

FREEMAN. For burns and scalds, mix prepared chalk with some lard, so as to form a thick ointment, and spread this mixture carefully over the burn.

JESSE C. You should make your dresses easy and loose, if you wish the fine proportions of body, observable among the Greek statues, which serve as models to our artists. Nature is usually too much dignified among Americans to afford to be imitated. The Greek women were ignorant of the use of whalebones. Every thing that confines and lays nature under restraint, is an in-tance; had taste, gracefulness can not exist without ease and comfort; therefore, if women will wear straight-laced dresses, with whalebones, they will be ungainly.

HENRY CORR. The great pyramid of Egypt weighs 2,700,000 pounds, and, according to Herodotus, it took the labor of 100,000 men twenty years to build it. Dr. Lauder affirms that 450 tons of coal, with an engine and hoisting-machine, would have raised every stone to its position in one-twentieth of that time.

T. DANE. If your child has the small-pox, to prevent pitting, he must not be allowed to rub or pick the pustules. If he is too young to obey these directions, let the pustules be smeared with cream by the means of a feather. Let the finger-nails be cut short and the hands sewn up in bags. The face should be washed with warm water, and the hair be much worn low, and some of them are of the most unique description.

MATTIE. Have your boots, for housewear, made of kid. Those with two rows of buttons on either side, are the most stylish.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

PICTURE OF INNOCENCE.

BY T. J. G.

Two little children at play,
Giving no thought of the morrow;
All through the bright summer day
Knowing no care and no sorrow.

Two little faces so white,
Under their little hats beaming;
Four little eyes, all so bright,
Always so roguishly gleaming.

Four little pattering feet,
Always in mischief as-straying,
Tempts one almost to repeat
Childhood again, and be playing.

Healthy and bright as the morn,
Fresh as the breath of the wildwood;
Where is the man that would scorn
To linger awhile in his childhood?

Two little children at prayer,
Four little hands tightly folded;
Oh, such a mischievous pair!
Yes, most too good to be scolded.

Two little forms in their beds,
Peacefully, quietly sleeping;
Two little curly brown heads
Out from the covers peeping.

Ruler of day and of night,
Grant them thy surest protection!
Teach them the wrong and the right,
And that thy way is perfection.

Helen's Secret.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A DARK-HAIRRED, brown-eyed girl, with a clear, fair skin, and small, scarlet lips, arched like a Cupid's bow, but that just now were slightly parted, and trembling with half-suppressed displeasure.

Just across the room, lounging in an attitude of careless gracefulness over the back of the tall reception-chair, George Templeton was watching every play of those clear-cut features he had learned to love so dearly in the past sunny summer days, that had passed so quickly and rapturously away.

He was just a trifle amused at the honest indignation in Helen Woodville's eyes as she fixed them fearlessly on his own half-laughing, half-questioning blue ones; he had only asked her one simple question, but it had brought that little tempest of fire into her eyes and cheeks. "Only one simple question" he had put to her, as indifferently as he could, for, truth to chronicle, George Templeton, learned, petted and handsome as he was, was just the wettest bit jealous of—Helen's secret.

He had not troubled himself much about it before they were engaged, though there were not a few venom-tongues who had openly told him there was something amiss with "that Helen Woodville," but latterly, when everybody knew they were to be married at the Christmaside, and nearly every other person he met had something to remark about "Miss Woodville's peculiarities," he, too, began to wonder what it all meant.

Not that he cared a jot about it, he reasoned to himself, only with a sort of natural curiosity, he merely thought he would like to know about this "quickness" of the sweet, beautiful girl who had promised, with quivering mouth and tear-pierced eyes, to be all his own.

Not that George Templeton believed aught against her fair fame.

He proudly flattered himself that he, of all people, knew what a pure, womanly girl she was; yet, now that he had quietly and lovingly said to her, that bright afternoon: "By the way, Helen, I would like to unravel this fearful mystery that envelopes you—and know, for certain, what it is that takes you, an hour every morning and an hour every afternoon, away from your boarding-house."

Then the brown eyes had flashed, and the fair cheeks surged over with the deepest carnation tint.

"George! is it possible you have been listening to all Greenville's gossip? I thought you above such petty littleness!"

And her evasive answers, and her evident confusion, although her words were prompt and ringing, stung him to the soul.

"I hope I am above all 'littleness,' Helen, but every tongue says—"

She interrupted his low, grave words in her own hasty, impetuous way:

"What do I care for what they say? if you choose to believe them in preference to me—why, you have your choice."

She walked proudly away from him toward the door; he sprang and detained her.

"Helen! we must not quarrel—we, who love each other so. I would not wound you for the world, darling, only I thought your secrets should be mine, that I might defend you before jealous people who seek to defame you."

He endeavored to take her hand, but it was firm as the door-knob, and when he glanced brightly in her face, he knew by the stormy gloomy there, that her proud, sensitive soul was stung to the very quick.

"Defame me—me!"

She answered quickly, and then her mouth closed tightly, as if she feared to trust herself to speak.

"But remember, dearest, I share no one's cruel suspicions."

"Indeed?" and a sneer curled her beautiful mouth; a sneer that was half a smile, displaying her small white teeth; "am I to be so very grateful to you that you condescend to wear my colors after you have heard such terrible calumny against me?"

"Don't Helen! you are so angry now, you—"

"Yes, George Templeton, angry, yet not afraid to acknowledge to you, in words, that there is a secret, which all Greenville, and doubtless yourself, would be delighted to share, but which no human being shall share until the proper time, in my estimation, arrives."

And with a haughty nod of her head that dismissed him as effectually as language could have done, she left his presence, flushed and almost choked by her swift heartbeats; while he, grave, quiet, thoughtful, took his hat and departed from Mrs. Cortelyou's parlor—Helen's boarding-place, and her only home.

Poor Helen! George Templeton had so often pined for her because she was an orphan; and so many times pictured to himself and sketched for her, the delightful home of which she should be mistress.

And now, he had inadvertently offended her! he never had seen her so angry before, and he heartily wished, as he walked away, that he had bitten his tongue before he had spoken.

Four years, with all their varied changes, had brought still greater ones to, at least, two people out of all the wide world—and

although George Templeton, as he sat in his back office, poring over long, dizzy-looking rows of figures, little knew to whom or how good fortune had come, he did realize most painfully that it had fled from him, right suddenly too.

He was heartsick for more than one reason, that winter night, as he sat in the lonely office, listening to the sullen sweeping of the wind down the chimney, and hearing the monotonous tramp of the private watchman as he stalked along the block.

First, because latest and worst, this failure that must come, in a few days at furthest, was telling terribly on him. He was always so fortunate before, and his heaviest speculations had turned copper into gold—until just now, when fifty thousand dollars, nearly every penny he owned in the wide world, had disappeared in some hungry vortex, never more to return.

He was disheartened and discouraged as he sat there, vainly trying to examine those dancing figures that, to his hot brain and eye-balls, seemed like myriads of little demons, laughing and rejoicing over the havoc.

Then—only that was nothing unusual, for he did so scores of times daily, and had done it ever since they parted, she in just anger, he in outraged love—he got to thinking about Helen Woodville.

He never could forget her, never. He was not like other men who could fall freshly in love with every new face and each pair of merry eyes that laughed in theirs. His was a slow nature; slow to grow infatuated, slow to decide, and slower still to give up what he had once taken for his own.

Yet, with all this strange lingering to action, George Templeton could love with an intensity and passion whose very endurance was its sweetest charm. So he loved Helen Woodville in the days when their love ran smoothly, and so, despite the four years that lay like a dark shadow between them, he loved her that night, when it seemed as if he was shut out, or shut in, from any more comfort.

He had so longed to see her all those years; his first outbursting anger that she had totally refused to tell him her secret, had all died out—burnt itself out so to speak—before a fortnight of their separation had passed by.

Then he had gone back to Greenville, sorry and repentant; full of loving words with which to heal the break and bridge the chasm over which they might pass to each other again, in sweeter confidence than ever.

But his eyes had grown lighter and wore a constant harassed look in them; his hair was thinner and somewhat gray streaked; and as he sat there, all alone, that night, his fortune gone, his love gone, he felt that life, even at thirty-three, was but a miserable burden, at best!

She was radiant in her fresh, bright beauty that night; her eyes were as brown as they had been four years ago, only that, as she stood earnestly gazing at them in the mirror, she herself could see the look of happy expectation and joyous anticipation in them.

Helen Woodville was Helen Woodville still, only four years older, with the maturer grace four years—between eighteen and twenty-three—gives a naturally pretty girl.

To-night she had put on a garnet velvet dress, made without an inch of trimming on its rich surface, and with a train that added peculiar style and dignity to her figure.

A cluster diamond ring sparkled on her finger; a diamond star caught her filmy lace collar; and in such elegantly simple attire, she awaited her happiness.

It was her uncle's house in which she was; a plain, cozy little cottage in Harlem, and Helen had come from Kansas only a month before with them, when they returned to New York.

Almost at once she had heard what made her heart almost break for joy; at once she had written a note, and this was the note:

"If Mr. George Templeton will call at—, One Hundred and Forty-third street, Harlem, on Tuesday night, at nine, he will hear of news to his advantage."

And this was Tuesday night; and as she stood there, and heard the clock strike nine, her heart gave a sudden rapturous thrill; for she heard his well-known footsteps coming through the oil-clothed hall.

As he opened the door, in a sort of dumb amazement, his eyes fell on her dark face, as she stood, blushing and trembling, directly under the gasoline.

A second he paused, as if disbelieving his senses; then his eyes brightened, and he sprang toward her, clasping her in such a long, long embrace that it seemed to her she should suffocate.

Then, when they sat side by side on the little hair-cloth sofa, Helen told him that she had repented so bitterly and wanted now to make full amends. Would he listen to her "secret" now—and take, as a gift, the fifty thousand dollars he so needed in his present strait; the money she had been earning during those four years of absence; the money she had just begun to earn when she stole away, two hours daily from the noise and publicity of her boarding-house, to make her maiden attempts at fame and fortune?

She told him how she feared to tell any one then, lest she should prove unsuccessful; but now, she said, with her eyes full of glad, proud tears, "she had acquired both reputation and a fortune as the authoress of several popular novels."

And so, when the darkness was densest, and shipwreck seemed nearest, George Templeton was forever lifted from sorrow to joy, from poverty to riches, by "Helen's Secret."

Retribution.—A man who had been employed in a bank at Lesida, Spain, recently stole a key to the "strong-room," and visited it with the intention of robbery, when the door closed, the lock sprung, and he was imprisoned. Nothing was known of the matter till some time after, when occasion was had to visit the room, when his corpse was discovered.

Without Mercy:

OR, THREADS OF PURE GOLD.

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD," "LAURA'S PERIL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

LAWYER AND CLIENT.

On the following morning Byron Skittles, Esq., was seated in his office, looking over some legal documents, a pair of glasses on his large nose, and his big feet planted on the top of a small black table, while his diminutive body was almost lost in the depths of an immense leather-lined chair.

He had scanned over the papers, reassembled them, and was about to rise when a tap at the door caused him to take off his glasses, put down his feet, as he said: "Come in."

The door opened, and Madge, dressed up in her many-colored costume, entered.

At first, Mr. Skittles' weak vision did not penetrate her disguise, and he said, crisply: "Go about your business, ma'am; we don't want any Voodooing or fortune-telling here."

"Don't you know me better than that?" replied Madge, advancing, and looking him in the face.

"Why, goodness me!" and he put on his glasses and took a long stare at the old-looking creature before him. "I've seen you often on the streets; and so you are Margaret Moulton, alias the Voodoo Queen of the First Municipality?"

"Yes," she answered, placing her basket of herbs upon the table; "I use this disguise to protect myself from insult, and to work out a living as well."

"Quite original. Upon my conscience, I wouldn't have known a bit of you. But, my dear madam, you can do better than sell herbs; you can make *him* support you. Why don't you do it? Money is better—that is, it will go a great deal further—than revenge, and be altogether more satisfactory."

The woman's face was burning red underneath the yellow stain, as she replied: "I wouldn't touch a cent of his money; it would appear to me like Gertrude's blood-money; and, besides, I want ample satisfaction."

"But, would not money satisfy you? I don't mean, mind you, a miserable stipend, but a good round sum."

"No!" impatiently. "I don't want money."

"You had better think again," he said, astonished at her vindictiveness; "remember, my dear madam, money is money."

She looked sharply, suspiciously, into his face, as she said: "Why do you wish to settle this matter in this way?"

The question was unexpected, and it brought the blood to the little ugly face, but Skittles managed to call up a sickly smile, and answer:

"For no other reason, ma'am, than to benefit you. Possibly there is not another attorney at the New Orleans bar that would advise you to do this, for the very reason that your acceptance of it would take money out of my own pocket. Yes, ma'am, out of my own pocket. Now that seems strange to you, doubtless, and here he tossed his head to one side, and shut tight his right eye, staring all the time, at a tremendous rate, out of the other, "but my heart is human, not professional. I have tried to be so cold and selfish like other men, but I can't; no, struggle as I will, I can't."

He seemed very sorry that his heart was made of such tender stuff, but the woman was not to be deceived by this cheap display of grief, and, lifting her basket, she said, curiously: "So your heart is too soft, eh? Well, sir, there are others who will be glad to attend to my business for me."

She was about to say "good-morning," when Mr. Skittles bounded out of his seat as if he was composed, in a great measure, of India rubber, and, laying his hand coaxingly upon her arm, said:

"You jump at conclusions altogether too readily when you think that I would not prosecute your suit, my dear madam. I'm well aware of the fact that you can obtain any amount of advice, yes, madam, any amount, but—"

and here he paused and looked at her with an assumed benevolence of expression that in any other instance might have been irresistible, but in the present case was wholly lost on Madge, who simply said, in a firm way:

"Well, Mr. Skittles?"

"Well, ma'am, as I was going to remark, you will find few gentlemen in legal circles who will step out of the beaten path of professional labors, as I have done, to advise you to settle on a money basis."

"But I don't want money," snapped Madge, impatiently.

"I understand that now," he answered, "and be it far from me to force, either by innuendo or direct, any client of mine into a line of policy not congenial to his taste. If you say *done* matters, I'll push him against the wall in a twinkling."

"That's what I want done," replied Madge. "When will you begin?"

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair and sinking into one himself. "Now, the first thing is, what do we intend to prove? Please run over the main facts, as you did last night, and I'll jot them down."

"Don't you remember what I told you only last evening?"

"Oh, yes, very well; that is, I've a general idea of the case, but I want the dates and details, you know. Nothing hits a jury as hard in a case like this as dates."

He picked up his pen and waited for her to begin.

Madge looked down upon the floor a while; then into the wee, expectant face in front of her, and after passing her hand over her forehead a number of times, she said, in a slow, hesitating way:

"My poor brain is very weak, and I've been treated so cruelly in this world, that I've got Gertrude's trouble all mixed up with my own. Let me see. Do you want me to begin at the first?"

"Yes, certainly; at the first."

"Well, then, the beginning was Harold Holcombe's coming to our home in Huntsville, Alabama."

"That was, when?" interrupted Skittles.

"That was in July, 1887, I think."

"Very good; July, '87," he put down the date. "Well, go on."

"He remained there all that summer and winter, and in March of the following year he married my sister, Gertrude Moulton, who everybody called the beauty of Alabama."

"March, 1888," repeated the the lawyer, as his pen flew over the paper. "Well, what followed the marriage?"

"After a few months the young Englishman grew tired of his American bride, and one night he disappeared. Gertrude was wild with grief, and we thought for a while she was going to lose her wits. Insanity, you must know, is a malady that runs in our family."

"Ah!" was the only remark made by Mr. Skittles; and Madge proceeded.

"After Gertrude's child was born—that is the girl what they call Hester Corwin—my sister said to me, 'Margaret,' said she, 'I'm going to hunt for Harold, and I want you to look after my poor baby. Be a mother to it, if I never come back; and then she went away in the night, without a single soul knowing any thing about it.'

"Went off in the night," repeated the lawyer; "well?"

"Yes, went off, and six weeks after she met him on the steamer Magnolia, at Memphis. They met on the guards, after supper, and on her recognizing him they had some words, when he lifted her up and threw her overboard—yes, sir! and our poor Gertrude has never been heard of since!"

"Who witnessed this?" put in the lawyer.

"The watch of the boat and two passengers."

"And why was not Holcombe arrested on the spot?"

"He would have been, sir, but he leaped into the river at once, and everybody thought he was drowned. I thought so myself for five years; then I found him out. He was a widower for the second time then."

"Good!" ejaculated the attorney; "this is as good as a romance. Well?"

"I took his child, Hester, to him, and made him swear to give her every thing he possessed, both in England and America, on condition that I should not hang him."

"Yes, and he did not keep his oath, eh?"

"His English heir, whom he intended to marry Hester to, married another, and Harold drove Gertrude's child out into the world."

"Very foolish proceeding on his part," remarked Skittles. "But where are your witnesses now—the mate and the two passengers?"

"The passengers I know nothing about; the mate, Jacob Pondlip, lives at Paducah, Kentucky—or, at least, did live there four years ago."

"And where is your sister Gertrude's marriage certificate?"

"The woman looked at the lawyer sharply. 'What is that to you?' she asked."

"Oh, nothing," he replied; "only it is necessary to prove the legitimacy of this girl, Hester, in case of the death of her father."

"So it is," she said; "I didn't think of that before." Then, after a moment's silence, she added: "I have got the certificate all right. But, now, when will you have him arrested?"

"Well, it will take some time to go up there and have all the papers made out, you see."

"No need to go up there," she said; "he is in the city at this very moment."

"Indeed!" with well affected surprise.

"Where?"

"At the St. Charles Hotel."

"That's a good thing; I'm glad of that. To-night we'll arrest him."

"Why not to-day?"

"It will take all day to make out the papers, my dear madam, and only the utmost expedition will get them ready in time to take action this evening. But I'll do my best—my very best."

She thanked him in her quick, blunt manner, and, after promising to call again in the morning, left.

When her footsteps could be no longer heard, the little attorney rubbed his hands, and muttered:

"A sharp customer, but not a match for Skittles by a long shot. No, sir! Mr. Holcombe must leave town to-day, and that will give us a chance to get rid of the woman in some way. One person is quite enough to have possession of such a precious secret—quite enough."

He put on his hat, made a circuitous journey to the St. Charles Hotel, and informed Harold that Madge would not compromise.

"Then she must be otherwise dealt with," said Harold.

The lawyer closed one eye, and said:

"Quite right—in some other way!"

They understood each other.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARTING.

On the third day after Bijah had incurred his master's displeasure, he was seated in front of his cabin mending a fishing-rod, and wondering if Harold really meant to carry out his threat of sending him to Alabama.

He had talked the whole matter over and over again with Bett, and they had almost concluded that Harris was only a disagreeable myth conjured up to frighten them, and that Bijah would never leave Big Briar Bend at all. However, the threatened separation had had the effect of bringing out a great deal of latent affection on both sides, and the prospect of parting in their case, as in all others, made them appreciate their possession of each other more fully than they had ever done before.

But, notwithstanding their hopes, the shadow of Harold Holcombe's threat still enshrouded them, and Bijah, mending his pole, tried in vain to hum a favorite ditty.

Presently Bett came out and sat down beside him with her sewing. There was a silence of a few moments, and then Bett observed that the pole was a very old one, and she wondered Bijah did not go out to the swamp and cut a new one.

"Well," replied the old man, "I might have done that, but I see kinder queer in some t'ings. I always hankers for de ole t'ings an' de ole places. Bett, gal, I'd nebbber leabe de Bend if it was left to me. No, sir, I nebbber, nebbber would."

He shook his head sadly, and the old woman, seeing the tears gather in his eyes, said: "P'raps I'll be left to you, Bijah. I do believe de storm has blowed ovah, an' dat you're gwine to stay at home, aftah all."

They talked the matter over for the next half-hour; and by this time Bett had inhaled into his spirit some of her own hopefulness, and Bijah began to talk about putting a new roof on the cabin in the early spring, and of other improvements in the interior, which he predicted would add, not only to its beauty, but to the comfort of its inhabitants as well.

Just as this matter had received its final settlement, Wilson, the overseer, was seen approaching from the direction of the Hall.

He came with rapid strides, and, ere either of the old couple had time to conjecture the nature of his visit, he said:

"Bijah, Mr. Harris has sent his man after you."

"Aftah me?" echoed the old slave, his heart sinking within him. "An' do dey really mean to take me away, Mr. Wilson? Do dey really mean to take me 'way?"

"Yes," was the unfeeling reply; "get ready at once!"

"No, no, not now," gasped poor old Bett, flinging her arms about her husband's neck and straining him to her bosom. "Oh, Massa Wilson, ef you take 'Bijah 'way, dis chile will die—die suah! die suah!"

"Take h'art, Bett gal," whispered Bijah, pressing his hand caressingly on her head; "de Lord will comfort you in yer loneliness, an' mebbe will habe de goodness to call us bofe up dar soon, whar dar will be no sellin' 'way to Alabama, or any oder place."

"I can't let you go!" screamed Bett, clinging closer and closer; "it's like pullin' out de h'art out uv one's body!"

"But mebbe ole massa will take me back," said Bijah, endeavoring to soothe Bett, "an' we'll die togeder yet."

"No, no!" cried the old woman; "you will nebbber see Big Briar Bend again, an' we separate now foreber an' eber. Oh, I can't stan' it, I can't stan' it! 'Bijah boy, good-by!"

"She tore herself away, and rushed frantically into the cabin, and Wilson took this opportunity to touch the old slave upon the shoulder, and say:

"Come now, before she comes out again."

"Yes, sah," replied Bijah, walking to the open window. Looking in, he saw Bett stretched upon the floor sobbing and moaning, which moved him so that he said: "Jest let me say good-by once again, Massa Wilson, please."

"No, no; come on!" was the reply; "we're losing time."

Bijah looked at him reproachfully.

"But, Massa Wilson, I'm gwine away from dis place; in an hour or two you won't be troubled wid dis ole man any more; an' I only axes five minutes. It's pretty hard, Massa Wilson, to habe to lebe all you like, all you lub, an' go into banishment, an' nebbber see any ob dese t'ings ag'in. Ah, Massa Wilson! I've been so long leah dat I've got to lub de place as a ole frien', an'—an' I've gwine in 'mong strangers dat don't car' a cent wader 'Bijah's heart aches or not."

It did strike even Wilson as a hard lot, and he said, somewhat kindly: "Go on, then, and say good-by. Mr. Harris is waiting up at the house for us, and so don't keep him waiting; he won't like it."

Bijah promised to be expeditious, and disappeared. He came out directly, holding Bett's hand, and Wilson noticed that the tears were silently coursing down the cheeks of both.

The old woman leaned against the door-post, and said: "Good-by, 'Bijah; you's bin a good man to me, an' now we's partin' foreber, I'll pray de Lo'd you be happy down in Alabama as ye hev bin heah at de ole Bend; an' I kin tell you 'twill be a mighty lonesome place widout you."

She began to cry harder than ever, and Bijah muttered, in a broken voice: "Good-by, Bett gal, an' I'll meet you dah some day."

He pointed to the sky, now golden in the sunset, and hurried after Wilson. Turning around, when he had put a hundred yards between him and his former home, he saw Bett lying across the threshold, and he knew that she had fainted.

"God A'mighty help dat poor, lonely ole woman," he said, and burst into tears again.

That night Bijah, from the deck of the steamer Princess, saw the lights of Holcombe Hall twinkle into gloom and nothingness, and he then realized, more keenly than ever, that he was the property of the man who stood quietly by his side, wholly oblivious of the pain that was gnawing at the poor slave's heart. He felt too, that he was paying a terrible penalty for one indiscretion.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW PLOT.

HAROLD HOLCOMBE arrived home the morning after Bijah's departure, disappointed, miserable, and badly scared too. He had relinquished his search after Hester, and fled from New Orleans, lest Madge should take it into her head to have him apprehended for Gertrude Moulton's murder.

"Where did you come from?" interrupted Holcombe, out of all patience.

"New Orleans," coolly replied Skittles, dropping into a chair, and making room for his hat on the table beside him.

"When did you leave there?"

"At five o'clock this evening."

"Well, go on; what brought you here?" demanded Harold.

"Can't you guess?"

"No, sir. I can't guess; I've no time for guessing. Go on; don't you see I'm all impatience?"

Skittles lifted his heavy brows and looked his questioner calmly in the face. "I see," he said, "I came up with Madge."

"With Madge?" ejaculated Harold, starting up.

"Yes, with Madge," replied the lawyer; "but there is no cause for alarm. Your case is in the hands of an attorney who understands fully the line of policy adopted by the opposition. So, you see, you're lucky—a devilish sight luckier than most people I know."

"Where is she now?"

"Gone to her cabin; I promised to sleep in the cotton-shed, and so got rid of her."

"What does she propose doing? What brought her back so suddenly?"

"I told her it was necessary to come up here and have the case tried in St. James Parish. To-morrow I'm to have you arrested."

"Me?" exclaimed Harold, grasping his revolver.

"Now, don't get excited," said the little man; "nothing so ill becomes a man of sense as excitement; besides, as I said before, I have provided for your safety."

"How—in what manner?"

"Will you be calm? I can't talk business unless you act like a sane man."

With an effort, Holcombe managed to drop into his seat and hold his breath while Skittles proceeded to say that there was nothing to be gained by dealing tenderly with Madge.

"I'm aware of that," replied Harold, "and I'm tired of it, too."

"Well, then, tell me," said the wee lawyer, "have you a room in this house, or on this place, that could be converted into a prison on short notice?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In the tower."

"Is it a secure room?"

"Very."

"No means of escape?"

"None."

"Any windows?"

"No; only two small apertures, and these are grated."

Skittles smiled blandly; got up, shook Harold's limp hand, leaped himself to the wine that sat upon the table, sat down again, and simply said, smacking his lips as he did so, "Good."

This pantomime was exceedingly disagreeable to Holcombe, who was feverishly anxious to hear Skittles' programme unfolded, and so he said: "Pray tell me what you purpose doing?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No," blantly.

"Then I'll tell you. I propose making Miss Madge a prisoner, and that room up in the tower her prison. Once there, you can sleep peacefully, and she will fare better than she does now. Poor thing; it will be a good change for her."

The plan met Harold's approval at once, and he couldn't help wondering how it was that he had never thought of this expedient before.

"But when do we secure her?" he asked.

"To-night," the little man said.

"Why to-night?"

"Because, if you don't arrest her to-night, she will have you jailed to-morrow."

"Enough," replied Harold. "How many will it take?"

"How many what—men?"

"Yes."

"You and I can do it. No one else need know of the affair. It will be more safe."

"I see," said Harold; "but Toy—my man Toy—knows every thing, and hence there is no reason why we should attempt to keep him in the dark as to this matter. He will be her jailer, you know."

Skittles did not relish the idea of having a common, vulgar servant in his confidence, and he said so, but Harold replied:

"Toy is as faithful as a spaniel; I will answer for him. Besides, as I said before, we must take him into the secret if we bring her here."

"Well, then, if we must, we must," said the lawyer, at last. "Where is this model man—this fellow, Toy?"

Holcombe touched a bell-cord at his elbow; a pair of musical bells tinkled softly, and the next instant Toy stood bowing in the doorway.

"Come in, Toy," said Harold. "We have something to communicate to you."

The man advanced, and his master added: "This is Mr. Skittles, from the city—a friend of mine, who has kindly volunteered to help me to escape the snare set for me by that infernal vixen, Madge."

"Toy, said 'Ah! indeed?' and looked shyly at the lawyer, who, in turn, looked hard at him, as he said: 'Mr. Toy, I have placed the greatest confidence in your discretion, and I trust that, in our future intercourse, nothing will occur calculated to mar that confidence in the slightest, or impair the good opinion your frank, honest face created on my first seeing you.'

Toy bowed almost to the floor, and said: "I hope not."

"And now to business," continued Skittles, addressing himself to Toy: "you are familiar with this woman's premises, are you not?"

"Yes, sir; I know where she lives."

"Ah!" with great solemnity, "you know where she lives. Good! You will, I presume, under the direction of Mr. Holcombe here, conduct us to her abode?"

"Yes, sir, with pleasure."

"And assist us in making her a prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"And aid us in conveying her to the dark room up there in the tower?"

"I will."

Harold was about to make an observation, but Skittles, with the greatest importance in the world, waived him into silence, merely remarking, by way of explanation: "I believe your case is in my hands; if so, permit me to conduct it after my own ideas. Then, turning to Toy, he said: 'Now get your hat, my man, and we'll be ready in a jiffy.'

Ten minutes later the three men stole noiselessly out of the side entrance to the Hall and turned their steps toward Dark Swamp.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 114.)

HAWKEYE HARRY, THE Young Trapper Ranger:

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF THE WOOD.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF THE "BOY SPY," "BOY CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMBAT IN THE WATER.

TOGETHER fell the tomahawks of the two antagonists—Hawkeye Harry and the savage.

There was a dull crash, a low moan followed by a slight rustling of the dry reeds, a shock of the two canoes. Nora raised her head to see her young protector leaning slightly forward upon one knee, unharmed. But in his hand he clutched a tomahawk whose edge was stained with blood, and glancing just beyond, a terrible sight met her gaze. The savage, with cloven head, lay with his body hanging partly out of the canoe, while from the ghastly wound a stream of blood was trickling into the water of the bayou.

The escape from the Indian's tomahawk was miraculous. When both weapons descended, the Indian was standing up; consequently Harry's hatchet pierced the savage's brain before the weapon of the red-skin had reached his antagonist's head. The blow threw the savage backward, as the tomahawk descended, so close to his face that he felt the wind of its swift descent.

"I hope, Nora, you will not think hard of me for taking human life, or rather the life of a savage, which is but a grade higher than the wild panther of the woods."

"No, Harry," responded the maiden, "I have heard of the horrors of border warfare. No one could think hard of another for taking human life in self-defense. But I know I am a burden on your hands, and I fear I may yet cost you your life."

"You are a burden, pretty Nora," said the young man, in a moment of enthusiasm, "that it affords me the greatest joy of my life to bear. Do not think otherwise. My only fears are that I can not serve you long enough. If the Indians do not make further search in the bayou, we may escape. But I am now afraid that the absence of their companion may lead them to investigate the cause."

The young ranger now proceeded to examine their situation. He saw the savages moving along the edge of the river in canoes, and some on the bank on foot, examining every stone and blade of grass for the trail. But that which made Harry the most uneasy was a number of warriors standing on the shore with their eyes fixed, apparently, upon the very spot where the unfortunate savage had entered the dense chapparal of reeds.

He knew that, if the savage did not make his appearance soon, they would likely go in search of him; and, as the red-skin had left a broad trail behind him where he entered the reeds, they would have no trouble in finding him; so the young ranger at once resolved to seek some other point of security among the tall reeds.

Having possessed himself of the dead Indian's lance and tomahawk, Harry parted the stalks before the prow of the canoe, and pulled it along through the opening thus made, taking great pains to rearrange the reeds to their natural position when they passed to the rear of the craft.

In this manner he drew the canoe over two rods from where the dead warrior lay, and at last pulled the canoe into a little glade-like spot nearly ten feet in diameter, yet where the reeds and flags grew much taller, and their long, slender blades, courted the sunshine and freedom of the opening, inclined inward all around the edge of the glade, thus forming a perfect panoply of blades and stalks overhead, and a beautiful retreat.

In this place the young trapper again took his stand. But such a dense body of stalks now intervened between them and the foe that the latter could not be seen.

Here the fugitives would have to remain until the Indians left, or they were enabled to make their escape under cover of darkness.

The day wore away, and the shadows of evening began to gather along the river. Our young friends began to breathe more freely. They would soon be enabled to move from their peril, although the Indians still retained their position upon the river-bank.

The wind had sprung up, and by dark was blowing a brisk gale from the south. The sky was overcast with clouds that foretold a dark night, if not one of drizzling, autumnal rain, so common at this season of the year.

Being to the windward, Harry could hear an occasional sound above the rustling of the reeds that told him the Indians were still on the river-bank, and at the moment when the young ranger was about to begin his retreat from the reeds, he heard the splash of oars in the middle of the bayou, not ten paces from where they were concealed.

The red-skins were searching either for them or the absent warrior—perhaps both! The splash of oars continued along the reeds in the bayou, and finally grew more numerous, but not a word could be heard from the lips of the occupants. Finally he heard the raking of a canoe in among the reeds, and knew from the location of the sound that the Indians had found where their dead comrade had entered the thicket, and were following his trail. This fact was soon confirmed by a low exclamation of surprise and suppressed indignation, which told Harry that the body of the savage had been found.

Not a sound save the rustle of the dry reeds and stalks could be heard after this discovery; but the silence boded ill. Warning Nora of their impending peril, the young ranger put every faculty upon the alert.

An hour stole by, when his keen ear detected a light flash on the water near the canoe. He fixed his eyes upon the darkness, and was not a little surprised to see two dull, scintillating orbs of fire glowing through the darkness not over three yards from the canoe. They were close upon the surface of the water, and just back of them he could see a dark, spherical object which he was satisfied was the head of an Indian, whose body was submerged in the water.

Silently Harry grasped the dead warrior's lance, with the determination of using it upon the cunning red-skin.

Drawing the weapon back, he thrust it forward with all his strength.

A savage yell of agony pealed out upon the night-air, almost chilling the blood in Nora's veins. But, like a heroine, she uttered no word of fright, but nestled closer to the form of her young protector.

Harry aimed the lance so as to pierce the savage's breast, and from the desperate tugging at the weapon he knew his aim had been true.

He quickly relinquished his hold upon the lance, and seized the oars to flee, for he knew the death-wail of the savage would soon bring others upon them. But, at this instant, Nora caught the outline of a pair of long arms that were thrust outward from the reeds behind him; then she felt Harry dragged from her side out into the water with a crash, where a fearful struggle at once began.

The brave and noble girl, obeying the injunctions of the young ranger, never uttered a sound, but with her hands clasped over her heart, she mentally prayed, with all the fervency of her young soul, for the merciful Father to spare the life of Hawkeye Harry.

The struggle between the youth and the unknown foe—which was a savage, of course—became desperate. Neither uttered a word or cry. But the floundering in the water, the crashing of the reeds; the dull thumping of the blows; the gasping, and labored breathing of the combatants, told that it was a deadly conflict.

Poor Nora! She sat alone, trembling with fear, and when she had invoked Heaven's protection on the young ranger's life, she leaned forward and strained her eyes through the darkness, in hopes of seeing if she could not help Harry. But she could see nothing. She could only listen to the awful sounds and pray—pray for Harry's deliverance.

Oh! it was a fearful moment for that young girl—a moment of agonizing suspense—such as is never erased from memory.

For several minutes the struggle continued, but, finally, the blows became fewer and feebler. Then there came a quick, heavy gasping, a low, gurgling sound, and the noise gradually ceased. Oh, heavens! one of the combatants was drowning! Which one?

Was it the Indian? was it Hawkeye Harry?

Nora asked herself these questions, that were edging in agony from her heart.

She longed to call out to Harry to know if he were the victor, but her presence of mind told her that such an act would only increase Harry's danger if he were alive.

She waited. Oh, what moments of torturing agony! The wind had ceased rustling the reeds, as if to lend silent terror to the moment.

A deep silence reigned—a silence as dread as that of the grave.

Ten minutes passed by.

Then to the ears of Nora Gardette came a faint sound, like that of a living creature dragging itself through the water. It was approaching the canoe in which she sat.

Was it an Indian, or was it Harry? was it either? She tried to speak the youth's name—to ask if he were alive—but her tongue refused to perform its office; it was paralyzed with terror and suspense.

Motionless, and with dilated eyes, the maiden sat and listened and watched. She knew not whether she would be seized the next moment by a savage, or receive the joyful tidings of Harry's victory and escape. It was a struggle between hope and fear—the most terrible moment of her young life.

Closer and closer she heard that dragging sound approach. Then she felt a vibratory shock of the canoe, such as would be produced by a hand coming in contact with it. Then she saw a dark form rise above the rim of the canoe, closely followed by two dull, glowing orbs.

The one she readily saw was a human head, and the other the eyes.

Was it Harry?

She leaned forward, and involuntarily bent down until her face almost came in contact with that of the unknown, and peered into the scintillating eyes.

She started quickly back. It was the head and face of an Indian—a hideous, painted Indian!

Unable to restrain her emotions longer, nature broke beyond its bounds, and a scream of terror pealed from the lips of Nora Gardette.

CHAPTER XII.

WAS CLOUDED HEART A TRAITOR?

THE morning sun arose clear and warm in a cloudless sky, and shone with unusual brilliancy upon the little Indian village of Red Wing. The villagers were astir quite early, for the chief, with a number of his warriors, was to accompany Old Optic and the masked stranger, Clouuded Heart, to the Sioux village to assist in rescuing their children from captivity.

The chief had selected thirty of his best warriors for the expedition, and had them "rigged" out in all the panoply of the war-path. Each brave was provided with a pony, and well armed for the occasion.

Old Optic provided a pony for Clouuded Heart, who made his appearance soon after daybreak, muffled and masked as on the previous night.

The party was soon mounted, and filing out of the valley, took their course northward through the woods in single file, with the exception of Old Optic and Clouuded Heart, who rode side by side in the rear of the cavalcade.

The old trapper was now enabled to scan the form of his masked companion more closely.

He was rather under medium size, and was dressed in a half-civilized and half-savage garb. The hands and feet were small, yet the former were bronzed to the hue of an Indian. The head was still covered with a kind of hood, and the face with a leathern mask, through the holes of which the eyes gleamed like balls of fire. The mask was so fastened to the hood that neither wind nor accident could displace it.

To the old trapper it was strange that this still stranger being would not permit his face to be seen. He wondered to what extent the man's success in rescuing his child depended upon keeping his face concealed. In fact, it was a little mysterious to the old trapper, and he could not, for some unknown reason, think otherwise than that the fellow would bear watching. He would not have put any confidence in him at all, had it not been for the truthful revelation he had made to him of his past life. It was this also that forced the conviction upon him that his story in regard to his child being a captive in the Sioux village was true.

The two conversed as they rode along on incidental topics, though the masked stran-

ger was not overly communicative, and seldom entered upon any new subject. At times, however, Old Optic caught his glowing eyes fixed upon him through his mask with a strange, mysterious light.

"Have you any hopes of us recovering our children, Clouuded Heart?" the old trapper finally asked.

"I have, friend trapper," replied the stranger; "the majority of the Sioux warriors, under Black Buffalo, are away on the war-path now, and if we reach the village before their return, we may accomplish the object of our expedition without much trouble."

"It will take nearly two days to reach their town," said Old Optic, in a tone devoid of all his former rudeness; "but, by traveling after nightfall we would gain much time. But, Clouuded Heart, how did you learn that my child is a captive among the Sioux?"

"I learned it from the lips of the destroyer of your home and happiness," said Clouuded Heart, and he fixed his glowing eyes upon the trapper with a steady, inquiring gaze.

"Ah! then you know who it was that won the affections of my false-hearted wife?"

"False-hearted?" repeated Clouuded Heart. "Friend trapper, you do the memory of your wife injustice. She was not false to you."

"Man!" exclaimed the old trapper, "what authority or proof have you for this assertion?"

"The authority with which truth endows every mortal, and the proof of many. No; your wife and child were lured from their home on the Ohio by a man whom she rejected ere she wedded you. The villain knew that you were absent from home on business, and took the opportunity for revenge upon you and your wife. He forged a letter purporting to come from you, in the town of Nauroo, on the Mississippi, and that you wanted her to hasten forthwith to your bedside. She started, poor deluded woman, to nurse her beloved husband. But, when near her destination, she was seized by a band of outlaws and carried away and sold to the Indians. What was the result? You returned home and found your wife and child gone, and such false evidence as convinced you that she had forsaken you for the love of another. But it was a lie, friend trapper, a damnable lie."

"And this you know to be a fact, Clouuded Heart—a solemn fact, do you?"

"A solemn fact," responded the masked stranger.

"Oh, God!" groaned the trapper.

"Tis sad," added Clouuded Heart; "for, friend trapper, I have experienced a sorrow similar to yours in many respects."

"Then, Clouuded Heart, you have my heartfelt sympathy. But, did you say my wife and child were sold to the Indians?"

"I said so, but it was only the child that was sold. Your wife—"

"Where is she?" gasped the old trapper.

"If you succeed in rescuing your daughter, who has grown to womanhood, they say, she will tell you what has become of her poor, persecuted mother, and will probably confirm all that I have told you."

"Oh, God! is this possible? It sounds so much like a fearful dream, Clouuded Heart, that it startles me. But what surprises me most is how you know all this."

"I may, friend trapper, but, as I told you before, I learned it all from the lips of the man who destroyed your home and happiness."

"Does that person live?"

"He does."

"And do I know him?"

"His name is Henri Roche."

A groan burst from the trapper's lips. He had known Roche in the East not as an enemy, but as a gambler and profligate. A cloud of vengeance gathered over his face; then he became thoughtful and silent. His thoughts were principally of the mysterious Clouuded Heart. It was quite probable that he had been in some manner leagued with Roche, and had finally become another of his victims, and now had turned upon him. But, why should he go disguised? This was a perplexing question. But once, when he saw the flashing orbs of the stranger fixed upon him, a dark suspicion crossed his mind, and he could scarcely restrain himself from tearing the mask from his face. His better judgment prevailed, and if the masked stranger was Henri Roche, he resolved to keep an eye upon his movements, and endeavor to fathom the mysteries of his strange actions.

No more was said about the painful matter, but the old trapper showed much uneasiness and great impatience.

The cavalcade moved on, and about noon it debouched into a great prairie, stretching away in gentle undulation for leagues and leagues.

Across this prairie the party took its course, and just at sunset they struck a small wooded stream, that found its source in Lake Okibogee.

Upon this stream the party went into camp, for here they could obtain water and graze for their animals.

The night passed without any excitement, and by daybreak the band was mounted and moving onward, following the course of the stream northward.

Old Optic and Clouuded Heart rode together as usual, and as they were now approaching the Sioux village, they began discussing the best plans to effect the object of the expedition.

As it was not known what force they would have to contend with, they could settle upon no definite course of action, until after they had ascertained the strength of the enemy.

The second day was nearly half gone, and the party had just stopped at noon, when one of the guards suddenly descried a party of horsemen galloping over the plain directly toward them.

Were they Sioux?

The question passed from lip to lip, and great excitement prevailed.

The party was over two miles away, and, without a doubt, were Sioux or Arapahoes. Red Wing shook his plumed head ominously, then turning to his warriors, bade them prepare for battle.

They had halted in a little clump of cottonwood trees on the banks of the stream. This would afford them a temporary screen, and with rifle in hand, the savages crouched among the trees, waiting the approach of the enemy.

Old Optic noticed that Clouuded Heart seemed uneasy, and believing that all was not right, he resolved to keep a watch upon his movements, for a suspicion that the masked stranger had led them into a trap, now arose in his mind.

The old trapper noticed that Clouuded Heart kept a close watch upon the approaching party, and when it suddenly swept into plain view from behind a gentle swell, not over half a mile away, the mysterious stranger stepped from the grove into plain view of the horsemen, and taking a red scarf from his bosom, waved it above his head.

"Traitor!" burst in fierce accents from Old Optic's lips, and the next moment his rifle was leveled full at the breast of Clouuded Heart!

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH FIRE.

As Nora's cry rung sharply out over bayou and river, the savage grasped the rim of the canoe and essayed to raise himself from the water into the craft, but, scarcely had the maiden's scream died away, when there came a flounder through the water and reeds, followed by the dull crash of a blow; then, from the lips of the savage pealed a yell of death that fairly froze the blood in Nora's veins.

She felt the cunning red-skin release his hold upon the canoe and fall backward like a leaden weight, while to the eyes of the distressed maiden another form appeared. It approached the canoe, and seizing hold of it, threw itself into the craft.

"Nora!"

The maiden could scarcely repress a cry of joy. It was the voice of Hawkeye Harry!

"Oh, Harry! I was so afraid you had been slain! My prayers for your deliverance have been answered! But, are you hurt?"

"Not a bit of it, little one! I didn't get even a scratch, but I had an awful tussle with the red varmint."

"But your clothes are wet, Harry, and you will get chilly and cold," she replied.

"No, little girl; our danger will require such active work as will keep my blood warm. This is nothing to me. Many's the time I've lain in a pond of water all night to escape the red-skins. I'm used to such exposure—hardened to it. But, our danger is increasing every moment. We must try and escape from here at once—ah! I hear the red-skins now, approaching through the reeds!"

This conversation had been carried on in a low tone, and was interrupted by a crashing through the dry reeds.

Taking a position in the prow of the canoe, the young ranger began pulling the reeds before him and drawing the canoe through the opening thus made. He had proceeded a couple of rods under cover of this minute forest, when he stopped to listen.

He could hear the Indians talking in excited tones over the dead bodies of their comrades. He also learned that they were in doubt as to the force of the enemy, and that they had heard Nora's scream.

The youth listened intently in hopes of

ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A druggist, getting very tired
Of lone life bachelorial,
Took Anna for a paragon,
And grew quite paragonical.

His love was warm as summer six,
His thoughts he could not label,
But while he thought she was a fay,
She thought he was a fable.

One day with spirits volatile
They took a drive together,
He drove his gun Amble steeds,
And pleasant was the weather.

To her he poured his feelings on
And also his devotion;
Said he, "I have a darling wish,
Along with other notions."

"You know how deeply I in love
Have been precipitated;
Your smile is all oil to my flame,
And can't be overrated."

"All other thoughts are worldly drugs;
The wish of my affection
Is this—to have you take my name
According to directions."

"At this I myrrh-myrrh, sir," she said;
"Give up your Preparations;
Your own trade bids me to bow
Of worthless imitations!"

"You're very homely, too," said she;
"To wed I have exceptions;
If you are tired of living thus,
Go take your own prescriptions."

His hopes resolved to hydrogen,
Left him of joy or small air;
The vial of his tears was broke,
And he began to bawl.

"Homely? The lovely Annalyze!"
He said, as homeward went he,
Where anxiously he looked
A pint of Spirits Frustrated.

"Fate, fate you jars of life," he cried,
As he grew very merry;
And when his head censed to revolve,
Then he was stationary.

They laid him gently on the shelf,
Mid herbs and other dry stuff;
The people laughing sideways said,
"Ah, don't you think he dye-stuff."

The Rover's Child.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

In a small and ill-furnished apartment,
in the city of Savannah, a singular scene
was enacted, one autumn night in the year
1792.

An aged woman, whose hair was streaked
with silver, but whose form promised her
many days yet this side of the tomb, held a
bright-eyed little boy-baby in her lap. Be-
fore her stood a man holding a candle,
while beside her knelt a person whose fea-
tures and habiliments gave token of a sea-
faring life.

"Do you think he resembles me?" asked
the rover, looking up into the woman's
face, while his fingers toyed with the little
cherub's dimpled chin.

"His eyes are black, like yours, sir," an-
swered the woman. "But no doubt he
looks like his mother."

"Yes, like Elfrida—poor, lost Elfrida!"
and a mournful sigh escaped the sailor's
lips. "Oh, mother, you don't know how I
loved her—no, the world will never know,
and this little image of her matchless self
she left me when she went away—to spirit-
land."

Hastily the emotional speaker brushed
aside the tear that glistened on his cheek,
and once more he was the stern man that
the world knew so well—the fearless free-
booter of the West Indies.

"The night advances, and I must away,"
he continued, drawing a case of tattooing
apparatus from his bosom. "Here, bare
his little arm, mother, and we'll stamp him
Gerald Andros, child."

The woman obeyed, and upon the babe's
snowy skin the rover stamped an indelible
cross, crowned with a crescent.

"There!" he cried, when the operation
had been performed. "How well he bore
the pain! Ah, he's a true Andros, and
when he is old enough, he shall sail with
me to scenes and deeds that befit the name
he bears. Guard well his young life when
I am gone," and then he stooped and kissed
the laughing face of the child. "Here's
money," and he placed a heavy purse in
the man's hand, which he grasped to say
farewell.

Then he turned to the woman, kindly
said, "Good-by, mother," kissed the babe
again, and was gone.

When the door closed behind him,
the child was returned to his wicker cradle,
and the contents of the purse inspected.
Golden doubloons rained into the woman's
lap, and drew exclamations of wonder and
surprise from the lips of the aged couple.

"Yes, we'll guard well the boy—his
child, Peter," said the woman, looking up
into the old man's face. "Fate not Provi-
dence guided Gerald Andros hither, we
would long since have starved. God grant
him a good cruise, and when he returns,
Roscoe shall run to meet him."

"After five long years, in Savannah
again!" cried a tall and handsome man, in
the prime of manhood, as he sprang from
a boat upon the quay of the beautiful South-
ern mart. "Oh, how my heart yearns to
meet my boy—my Roscoe! I wonder if
they have taught him to kiss his father's
name—if he will run to meet me when they
see me approach the old house!"

Thus musing, Gerald Andros, clad in the
undress uniform of a marine officer, hur-
ried from the pier, taking no notice of the
people who stared at him, and exchanged
remarks regarding his precipitate pedes-
trianism.

At length he reached the poorer portion
of the city, and as he neared a crowd con-
gregated before a low sailor's retreat, he
heard these words:

"They'll never catch the villain."
"Ketch 'im? not much!" said a tall fel-
low, with an air of self-assurance. "I tell
you he was hired to do the job. Some rich
fellow has took a fancy to the boy, and old
Grampus refused to give him up, so—"

"What do you say, fellow?" almost
shrieked Gerald Andros, whom the conver-
sation had brought to a pause without the
crowd. "What's happened to old Grampus
and his grandchild? Tell me quickly, or—
or—" and his grip tightened on the burly
fellow's arm. "or I'll shake you to pieces!"

"Why, last night some fellow got into old
Peter's house—killed both of the old people,
and made off with the boy."

A groan welled from the sailor's throat.
"It can't be!" he cried, staring into the
man's face. "God would never suffer such
a deed to be done."

"Well, He jest has, as you can see by go-
ing to old Grampus' house," was the re-
sponse, and, without another word, Andros
darted away.

He forced himself through the crowd
that blockaded the portals of the fisher-
man's home, and his gaze fell upon the
dead bodies of the aged couple.

But where was his boy?
The neighbors could tell him but little of
the dreadful tragedy—more of its antece-
dents. They knew that a wealthy mer-
chant, from unknown parts, had offered the
old couple a goodly sum of money for lit-
tle Roscoe; but the golden offer was re-
jected with indignation. Four nights fol-
lowing this, the deed, whose gory result the
rover now gazed upon, was committed.

That was all the neighbors knew.
For a while Gerald Andros was near in-
sane with grief, and it was feared by many
that tottering reason would desert her
throne. But calmness held her own, but
with great difficulty, and once more to the
world the rover was himself again.

For years he searched indefatigably for
his lost boy, and, at the end of each year,
he wrote "no success" upon the tablets of
his heart.

He relinquished the sea altogether, and,
rich with the gold of plundered vessels,
went to live and lead a better life in New
Orleans, where long years before he had
buried his child-wife, Elfrida.

"Helena, this is the bitterest hour of my
life—oh, God! why have we loved, to part
thus?"

The beautiful and tearful eyes of the
young girl were raised to the handsome
face that looked down upon her, and slowly
her lips moved to repeat the appropriate
lines of the immortal Scottish bard:

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

"No, no, Helena," he said, sadly. "Oh,
why can I not answer the question your fa-
ther threw into my teeth yester morn?
'No child of mine,' he said, while I was si-
lent, 'shall wed a man who can not trace
his ancestry beyond himself!' There was a
bitter sneer in your father's tone, and, un-
able to reply, I turned away. Oh, Helena,
I curse the hour that gave me birth—the
day when first we met—and he whose

behind the hollyhocks. When he heard the
bitter, denunciatory tones of Wilfred Mar-
tin, he could not conquer the passion that
thrilled his whole frame, and, springing for-
ward, surprised the lovers.

At the hour of eight, the following night,
Wilfred Martin and an acquaintance pre-
sented themselves beneath the magnolia,
through whose boughs the moonlight fell
and covered the ground.

Presently Gerald Andros, with surgeons
and a second, appeared, and, in silence, the
antagonists faced each other with the dead-
ly dueling-pistol.

Implacable hatred still beamed in the ex-
plainer's eyes, and when the third numeral
fell from the second's lips, he touched the
trigger with a muttered imprecation.

With a shriek, Wilfred Martin staggered
back, and was lowered to the ground by his
friend.

Unharmed, Gerald Andros stepped for-
ward and gazed calmly upon the work of
his pistol.

"The ball has shattered his arm," said
one of the surgeons, proceeding to examine
Wilfred's wound in the lantern light, and a
moment later the sleeve was torn from the
stricken member.

Suddenly Gerald Andros uttered an ex-
clamation of surprise, and sprang to his
victim's side.

"See!" he cried, pointing to a tattoo-mark
above young Wilfred's wound. "I tattooed
that arm when he was a babe! He's my
son!"

All stared upon him, lost in amazement.
"Yes, yes, at last I find my long-lost boy,
but stricken by his father's hand. Oh, God,
this is thy work—this is one of thy mys-
terious ways. Bear him to yonder house—he
my son—my rival in love."

They bore Wilfred to a carriage beyond
the edge of the cypress swamp, and all were
whirled away to Roger Darrell's country
mansion.

"He can trace his name further back
than himself," cried Gerald Andros, point-
ing the banker to his son. "My pistol
made him Roscoe Andros. Now give him
your child—I, his father, am his rival no
longer."

Beside the cot of his son sat Gerald An-



THE ROVER'S CHILD.

shadow—whose gold, has come between
our lives."

"Yes," she murmured, "were it not for
Gerald Andros—whose hair is white as
snow—we might be happy. I believe that
he has led father to reject you because—be-
cause, Wilfred—"

"Because I can not name my parents,"
he finished, with cutting bitterness. "Then
we part—never to meet again. You will
wed that old man. May, with all her flow-
ers, will recline in the chilling arms of De-
cember. For my sake try to love Gerald
Andros, girl."

"But how can I, Wilfred, when they say
that—that—"

"That Gerald Andros has been a pirate,
whose hands have been dyed in innocent
blood—a man whose sins an eternity of
repentance can never wash away. And to
think, Helena, that you are to wed this
devil—this—"

"Hold, poisoner!" cried a loud voice,
and a man sprang from behind a clump of
bushes crowned with flaming hollyhocks.
"You poison Helena against me, and, by
the throne of Jehovah! you shall atone for
the insult!"

"As you please, sir," boldly answered
the young man, impassionately, returning
the fierce look that Gerald Andros shot at
him.

"Then to-morrow night meet me be-
neath the magnolia—your trysting-place—
in yonder swamp," and his quivering finger
described a dark line of trees visible from
the spot where they stood.

"I'll meet you there, sir," said Wilfred
Martin, quickly, "and God grant that the
pistol may not fail."

"Oh, sirs, do not shed each other's
blood!" cried Helena Darrell, throwing
herself between the two men. "Desist for
my sake; I will become your wife, Gerald
Andros—I will love you, though it break
my heart—only do not meet beneath the
magnolia!"

She pleaded in vain. Gerald Andros was
obdurate, and Wilfred terminated the scene
by turning suddenly upon his heel and
striding away.

For years Gerald Andros had been an ex-
emplary citizen of the Crescent City. He
tried to forget the life he had led in bygone
days, and but two things remained to com-
plete his happiness—the restoration of his
lost son, and a woman's love.

The former he had given up all hopes of
ever obtaining, and the latter he sought in
the heart of beautiful Helena Darrell. He
knew that she loved Wilfred Martin, and
he resolved to displace the accepted suitor.
He knew that Roger Darrell, the banker,
despised a child of shame, and such a cog-
nomen he stamped upon his rival, with
what success the reader has seen.

Upon the night above recorded he sought
Helena, and hearing voices in the garden,
he hastened thither, and secreted himself

dros, and Helen Darrell; and they never
left his side until he was convalescent.

Roscoe—Wilfred Martin no longer—
of course possessed no recollection of his
father. He had an indistinct remembrance
of the night of his abduction, and murder
of the old couple in Mobile. In New York
a wealthy man named Martin gave him his
name; but when he tried to induce him to
become one of a band of counterfeiters, the
young man fled, and took up his abode in
New Orleans.

When he recovered from his wound, he
wedded Helena Darrell, and Gerald Andros,
happy at last, lived to a green old age in
the Crescent City, amid the smiles of merry
grandchildren.

The murder of the Grampuses still re-
mains enveloped in mystery, and never, till
the seals of the great book be broken, will
that mystery be unraveled.

Recollections of the West.

Between two Fires.

BY CAPT. BRUIN ADAMS.

The opening of the summer of 1866 found
me, as I fondly hoped, permanently located
in the Mexican town of Parvas, whither I
had gone to practice my profession—medi-
cine—having been lured thither by a golden
prospect held out by some parties who were
presumed to know all about the matter. At
that time Parvas and the country imme-
diately surrounding was what might appro-
priately be termed "debatable ground,"
that is, first in possession of the Imperia-
lists and then the Liberals, and again, in the
absence of both, held under sway by the nu-
merous bands of guerrillas who infested the
adjacent mountains and forests.

I had been warned that my undertaking
was a hazardous one, as all foreigners were
looked upon with distrust by the natives,
and regarded jealously by the French;
while, as regards the guerrillas, it was but
a mere matter of chance whether you would
escape with life or not.

But the field was a most promising one,
as it is a well known fact that a Mexican
will travel a hundred miles to obtain the
services of an American physician, when
there are plenty of native ones at his very
elbow.

And so it proved in my case. To use a
common, but forcible phrase, I was fairly
coming money; and, aside from some slight
inconveniences, such as being dragged up
for examination by every body of troops
that chanced to come in, I got along far
better than I had hoped to do.

I was fortunate enough in the outset to
make a firm friend of an influential and
very wealthy Mexican, by saving the life of
his only daughter after she had been given

up to die by the regular family doctor; and,
though there was really nothing remarkably
serious in the case, I did not think it
necessary so to inform the old Don, who
thenceforth persisted in calling me the sa-
vior of his only child.

So matters stood, and I had begun to im-
agine that the worst was over, when, sud-
denly, I was aroused to the fact that my
troubles had not in reality yet commenced.

I was seated in my office one afternoon,
complacently regarding the future, when a
sudden tumult arose without. A sharp, rat-
tling volley of fire-arms swept down the
narrow street, and, a moment later, the op-
posing forces, a scouting-party of French
soldiers, and a strong body of Corrallo's
guerrillas, met with a shock directly in
front of where I sat.

I saw men falling rapidly on both sides,
and, with a sigh, arose and got out my in-
struments, unrolled lint, cleared the table,
and made ready for the work that I saw
would have to be performed.

While so engaged, with my back to the
door, I heard a slight sound that caused me
to look round, and I saw, just within the
threshold, a French officer, grievously
wounded, leaning against the wall as though
to keep from falling.

Forgetful of all save the suffering man, I
stepped quickly to his side, and supporting
his tottering form, carried him back into my
bedroom, placed him upon the lounge, and
went hastily back for the necessary instru-
ments with which to attend his ease.

As I emerged from the bedroom, I found
myself face to face with two stalwart, ru-
fianly-looking guerrillas, who were uphold-
ing the bleeding form of another, and whom
they deliberately lifted upon and laid out
on the table.

Here was a quandary; I saw there was
danger in my situation at a glance. The
conflict had swept down the street, and was
raging several blocks off, and as I knew full
well what the final result would be, name-
ly, the victory of the guerrillas, I trembled
in my boots for what would be sure to come
when it was known that I had harbored a
hated Frenchman.

Fortunately I had closed the door between
the two rooms as I came out, but knowing

in which I caught such words as "traitor,"
"spy," "Frenchman," etc., and then I was
dragged out into the street, and forthwith
led down to the plaza, or square, to be shot.

Matters were fast getting to be serious.
I had expected to be roughly handled, and,
of course, robbed, for having sheltered the
Frenchman, but I hardly thought the vil-
lains would shoot me, at such short notice
particularly.

However, they were in earnest—that I
saw plainly enough. Such fellows are not
in the habit of jesting, and I knew that,
unless there was some powerful influence
exercised in my behalf, and that quickly,
I would inevitably—to use a familiar phrase
—"go under."

Down the street I was marched, a guard
upon either side, with the remainder bring-
ing up the rear, while, out from the houses
upon the line of march, poured the excited
populace—among whom the rumor had
spread that a spy was to be executed.

When they saw, however, who it was, the
tide turned in my favor, and from all sides
cries for pardon arose.

Totally unmoved, the guerrillas moved on,
and soon the great square was reached.
Here the preparations were few, and alarm-
ingly brief.

I was led to the blank wall of an adobe
house, my back placed against it, the guard
stepped out upon either hand with a brief
injunction to remain quiet, and the file that
was to fire drew up some eight or ten feet
in front of my position.

It would be useless for me to say that I
was not frightened. I was actually paral-
yzed with the awful peril of the moment.

I heard the command to "make ready,"
and closed my eyes, to quickly open them
again as I caught the sound of a voice
that was familiar, pleading for, or rather
commanding, the stay of the execution.

It was my old friend, the Don, whose
daughter I had so successfully treated, and
the girl was also there, both hands clinging
to the rufianly commander's arm, adding
her voice to that of her father's.

For a while the fellow hesitated, and then
the populace began to press forward, offer-
ing ransom in any sum if my life was
spared.

Those last struck the key-note. I saw
the fellow prick up his ears, and in five
minutes the bargain was concluded.

Five hundred dollars in gold was the
price paid for me, and it was made up,
and handed over in a marvelously short time.

Well, I was released, with a caution, how-
ever; and so great was the effect of that
caution that, despite the opposition mani-
fested against my departure, or the offers of
protection, etc., etc., I bundled up my traps,
bade good-by to the old Don and his daugh-
ter, and "struck out" at double quick for a
spot more salubrious.

My experience of "doctoring" in Mexico
was of brief duration, but it was lively
while it lasted. At least I thought so.

Beat Time's Notes.

POPULAR DEFINITIONS.

Wisdom—the science of hiding our ig-
norance.

Industry—a good thing to impress upon
the mind of your hired man.

"Putting a head on him"—trying to
knock his off.

Home—a place of popular resort during
a war.

Love—a disease of the imagination.

Bachelor—a man who knows a thing or
two.

Husband—a man who didn't.
Disinterested civility—asking a dun to
call again.

Early impressions—little fingers in the
dough.

Sincerity—an outer garment for general
wear, very much out at the elbows.

Amusement—falling in love, and being
kicked out by the old man.

Alms—money which you give heartily to
the beggar to get rid of him.

"I will"—a wife's first words.

"I won't"—her last words.

A queer man—a dealer in counterfeit
money.

Fool—the only truly happy man.

Universe—the small part of the world
outside of Boston.

Reverence—a peculiar feeling you have
toward a very large man who, after kicking
you once or twice in mistake for another
man, apologizes to you.

Humility—the art of wearing a fifteen-
hundred-dollar shawl with gentleness.

Statesman—a something that is not what
it used to be.

Hermit—a good man out of society.

Neighbor—your nearest enemy.

Kindness—a human weakness.

Ridiculous—cutting a piece out of the
back of your coat to patch the front.

Smart man—the fellow who gets ahead
of you in a trade.

Compassion—the feeling of sympathy
which prompts us to sigh over the misfor-
tunes of another and say he ought to have
had better luck.

Politeness—asking your visitors to stay
for dinner.

Aggravation—their doing so.

Forgiveness—a way we have of further
humiliating our enemies.

Bliss—living in the same house with an-
other family.

Poetical—putting your ear to an oyster-
shell to catch the music of the sea.

Suspicious—going to bed with your boots
on.

Doubtful—an imaginary place where a
good many men's money comes from.

Remorse—a feeling that seldom annoys
us.

"Secret" meetings—women's sewing
societies.

Leaven of life—leaven children.

Modesty—a cosmetic.

Patriotism—the enthusiasm which you
feel for your native land when you find
that your grocer has given you short weight
in your butter, or your shoemaker has
given you long measure in your boots.

Calamity—a man dying from a rush of
brains to his head.

Many other indefinite and indefinable
definitions *non humorously* to mention crowd-
ed out.

Justice is represented with her eyes tied
up, which is the reason so few men get
their necks tied up.

A dapper told another, who was very
gassy, that it would have been a good
thing for him if they hadn't turned so
much of his head into mouth.

BEAT TIME.